

Texas Siftings.

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SHE HADN'T ONE.

MISS HARTBREAKER—Now, Mr. Faintheart, let us play at cards. What say you to a game of hearts?

MR. FAINTHEART (who has been courting her for years)—No, not me, thank you; I have been playing that game with you too long without success. I don't believe you have a trump!

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

THE builder of obelisks was paid by the column.

THINK before you strike—an impecunious man for a loan.

STRANGE that gas bills can be so heavy and electric light.

THE Romanesque order—an order for Roman punch.

THE coming man will fly when the coming broom is after him.

EDITOR's shears—"How do you feel?" Exchange—"All cut up."

A GUN that can only be relied on at close quarters is very short-sighted.

IF the name of the Casino should be changed we suggest Pauline Hall.

LIVE within your income, because it is very inconvenient to live without it.

COMMISSIONER GILROY calls the electric wires Zacheus, because they must come down.

THERE is considerable difference between firing into a train and being fired out of one.

THE Duke of Marlborough grows dearer to his wife every day. She is paying off his debts.

A YOUNG man in Nova Scotia was poisoned by a fish's gill. He is a gill-dead youth now.

RICE was introduced into Europe by the Saracens. It is introduced into the Chinese with chop-sticks.

Now the bald-headed man in his boarding-house bed
Only one present blessing can see;
As the white snow sifts in on his paralyzed head,
He can say "There are no flies on me."

BELVA LOCKWOOD says she didn't see a man spit all the time she was in France. What kind of a kitchen utensil is a man spit?

MISERY & COMPANY is the name of a firm on Third avenue. It only proves the truth of the adage that Misery loves company.

THE Gates of London, is the title of a recent magazine article. You can see an imitation of a London gait in the walk of a New York dude.

THERE was one New York hackman, the other day, who failed to overcharge his customer, but he died on his box before he got to his destination.

"WHY do Flowers Sleep?" is the heading of an article in Nature. They don't all sleep. There is Roswell P. Flower, he is working day and night at Washington to secure the World's Fair for New York.

A CHICAGO paper says that a man in that city offers his services to the public as a letter-writer, and warrants his epistles "to start a parent's tear, stir the expiring embers of waning affection, and awaken the full ecstasy of a lover's heart."

THE SKELETON OF 1889.



Half sinking, half swimming, he slips from the land;
The bell-rope is clinched in his tremulous hand;
His last sun has set in the billowy tomb;
The clock of the months marks the moment of doom.

Oh! visitant ghostly, we bid thee farewell,
But, just for one moment withhold thy last knell,
To tell us the fate of our lost summer flowers,
Our love-songs, our bird-notes, our blossoming hours.

Full many sweet hopes we've intrusted to thee;
Their realization, oh! when shall we see?
And will you not tell us in what diadems
The fragments are set of our lost, shattered gems?

The path we've walked with thee has been so uneven,
But, did it not slant, just a little, toward heaven?
The sheaves we have garnered to scatter abroad,
Dost know that they're safe in the storehouse of God?

Still mute? Oh! departing year, we care not whether
Thy heart be as fickle and false as thy weather;
Go; sink with thy storms and thy floods past recall,
And let the eternal waves cover them all.

The Past and the Future clasp hands over thee,
As o'er thy head surges the turbulent sea;
Thine own nerveless fingers must ring out thy knell—
The clock strikes; the bell tolls; Farewell, oh! Farewell.

MARY A. BENSON.

GOOD BYE, OLD YEAR.

The year that is about to close has been an eventful one, but that is the way with most years, we have noticed. A year without events is unheard of. This is fortunate for the editor who is expected to write something about the events of the past year. The inauguration of President Harrison and the return of the Republican party to power was an important event. Mr. Harrison ought to hold his inauguration in high esteem, for it is not likely to be repeated. Following close upon this was the celebration in New York City of the centennial of Washington's first inauguration. It evoked much enthusiasm. Washington received first-rate notices in the newspapers, his administration was commended, and he himself spoken of as one of the best presidents this country has ever had. Some enthusiasts even went so far as to elevate Washington to a plane with another ex-President, Hayes. "Independence Day" arrived on time, July 4th, and was honored by the sacrifice of fingers, eyes and limbs. Chief among the calamities of the year was the Johnstown flood, which opened up an immense opportunity for the charity of some people to display itself, and for some other people who had the handling of the funds to swindle the suffering and distressed. Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine will be celebrated as the year in which the reign of Dom Pedro came to an end, and in which another kind of rain seemed unending.

HO, FOR THE NORTH POLE!

Another Arctic exploring expedition is organizing in Germany. If it gets under way we

shall have to wait four or five years and then we can read from the diary of the explorer (found by the crew of the Herald steam yacht on an ice floe) how he and his companions existed for weeks on a piece of gum coat and stewed fragments of a leather valise. By all means let us have another North Pole exploring expedition.

THE NUMBER 9.

Beginning with next week the number 9 will be required to earn its salary as it hasn't done in a thousand years. For a hundred and ten years to come it will have to do duty every time a date is written in full. The writer whose 7's and 9's cannot be distinguished from each other must study to improve his style.

A FRUGAL MAN.

A New York junkman lost his life recently through his frugality. He dealt in old bottles, and it was his habit to drink the contents, when there was any, of those which he bought. His theory was that nothing should be wasted. Horse medicine went down as readily as a remnant of golden syrup. He had no disorder for which extract of sarsaparilla was a specific, but he emptied every sarsaparilla bottle that fell into his hands, not knowing when he might have something that this particular remedy was good for. A professed total abstinence man, he yet swallowed whatever remained in old whisky bottles—nothing should go to waste. But he carried his frugal habits too far one day. He drank the contents of a ginger ale bottle, which proved to be carbolic acid, and he deals in junk no more.

THE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

It is quite evident that the sentiment of the country is becoming more and more in favor of laws to restrict immigration. It is a very beautiful sentiment that America is "a refuge for the oppressed of all nations," but our people are opposed to its being made a dumping ground for the pauper and criminal classes of all nations, as it long has been. America is gifted with marvelous digestive powers. It can absorb and assimilate strange and unhealthy material ahead of any country that ever existed, but there are unmistakable symptoms of indigestion and a disordered liver. The public stomach has been overworked and congestion is threatened. The note of alarm was sounded some time ago, but Congress moves slowly. It is expected, however, that stringent laws will be passed this winter, excluding anarchists, communists, socialists and polygamists, as well as foreign criminals and paupers, and heavy head taxes are also proposed. Uncle Sam isn't rich enough to give them all a farm.



OUGHT TO BE MORE CAREFUL OF HERSELF.

MRS. JAWKINS (ironically)—Good morning, Bridget; you see I am up ahead of you and have the fire made!

BRIDGET—Sure, mum, it do be a great pity that yez can't be as careful av yureself as Oi am!

THE TAME STORK AND THE ELASTIC CATERPILLAR.

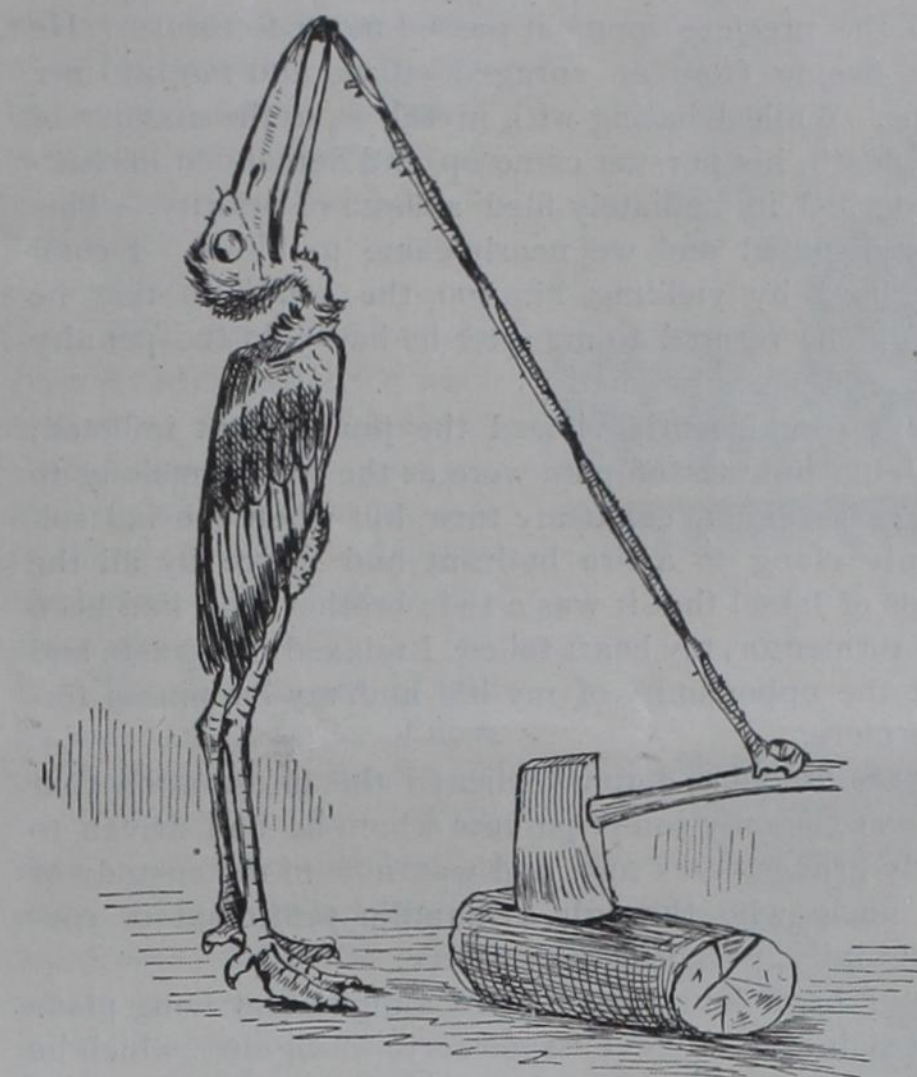


IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

We are apt to put too low an estimate on people's importance. There are some people, it is true, that don't amount to much. They never aspire to anything higher than passing around the collection-plate in church or having their names in the county paper for growing a large squash or a twin cucumber. They live a quiet, secluded life, and when they die they do not expect to be missed by many. They believe that the world will go on just about the same as usual after their exit, and they are right.

But there are others with whom it is different. We have occasionally stumbled across them in our daily toil. They are not so scarce but that the busy world can catch a glimpse of them without going much out of its way. Indeed they are quite common in some localities. It seems to me, as the world grows old, it produces important people with less and less exertion. They are so dreadfully common we do not give half the deference to them that they expect. In a former age they no doubt would have been regarded as monstrosities in importance. But I have often thought as I have bowed in silent veneration before these transcendent mortals, how lucky it was that they were not born in a former age—in an age when the world was young. The hasty removal of such a one at a time when the world was grappling for an existence, as it were—at a time when it could ill withstand such shocks—might have proved disastrous indeed. But the world now is old and hardened. It can stand remarkably well such shocks. They do not seem to affect it scarcely.

When an important person dies the world does not even stop to attend the funeral in a body, but leaves it to a few friends and relatives to do. The world has got into such a callous state that I don't believe more than three-quarters of it would bathe itself in tears if the most important person in it should die. But still important people are born, and grow up, and exist; and every age they seem to get more important. It is not always the most important people that are of the most



service in the world. They are not always the people that we think the most of and miss the most when they're gone. I have known people, who were by no means important, who were considered but very ordinary people in the eyes of the world, who never owned a brick house or a fur coat or a stand-up collar, that I would rather exchange places with in eternity than the most important man I ever knew. I wouldn't be too important myself. I would be just important enough to be of some service in whatever circumstances I was placed. I would never be too important to be ashamed of honest work, and would always be important enough to have it to do. It is not always the most important people who do the most for the world and whom the world remembers the longest after they are dead. John Milton's works will be read and praised when it has been several thousand years since "Robert Elsmere" was last heard of, and John Bunyan will be remembered and revered when the name of the author of "The Bad Boy's Diary" will have sunk into the most remote corner of oblivion. Do not fret if the world does not deem you one of its important people. Rather be thankful that you are not important. And if ever there is a time when you think you are beginning to get important, "go to" and pray that this evil may not befall you. Great men are always humble.

H. SID. DAVISON.

THAT UNUSUAL NOISE.

A.—What is the matter with you this morning?
 B.—I didn't sleep well last night. There was an unusual noise in my room.
 Did it wake you up?
 Yes; any unusual noise wakes me up.
 What was the unusual noise?
 Well, you see my wife never scolds during the day but stores up all her resentment, like this stored electricity.
 But you were speaking of an unusual noise during the night.
 Just so. I'm coming to that. You see I'm so used to her scolding that it acts on me like an opiate. As long as she jaws I sleep like a top.
 But what was the unusual noise?
 Well, she began jawing and I fell asleep as usual, and I would have slept all right if it had not been for the unusual noise.
 What unusual noise?
 She quit talking.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

At a meeting of a literary society in Houston, Texas, the president of the society, Major Dan McGary, editor of the Houston Age, said in a speech, that printing had only been invented a thousand years ago.

"It's a darned falsehood," retorted a prominent city official, "I have got at home a Life of Christ, and every word of it is printed, and he lived more than 3,000 years ago."

McGary owned up that he was mistaken, and the

matter was settled without prejudice to either party. Both took beer.

SILAS VASTINE'S TRAVELS.

BY V. Z. REED.

The young farmer from Skunk River, Iowa, while making a tour of the West, wrote the following letter from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Miss Lucinda Pypes, his betrothed:

salt Laik city Utaw.

my deer Loosindy:—

after basking fur a Time in the noble shadder of mister Pikes grate Peek, and gaizing in silunt wunder at the beard of the edditur of the Choleradah springs "Mail," i bid adoo to the silver Stait an Sett out fur utaw, the land of laffing vallies an mormons, and heer i Am at the New jeroosalum uv that sect. i hav saw sum queer things sense i left you mi Lucy my queen but this hear town, nocks the rag offen the bush. i see houzes hear whair men youst to keep sixteen wives in the pammy days uv mormon supremacy. jist think uv one man havvin sixteen wives. holy Smoak ide think the poor devvil wood feal so tuff he wood wisht he was ded or had a Kast irun back. thear are a hole lott of houzes hear bilt in rows and a mormon youst to rent the hole row and put a wife in each house. jist think uv a mans wife and the childurn uv his buzum sleepin in seven houzes at wunst. if a baby shoold ball in number two while he was embracin Morfeus and one uv his wives in number six what a lott of Trubble it wood be to git up and skurry along that hole roe to find whare the chyld was and trott it on his nee. no loosindy one wife is a plenty thank you and sum-times a darned long Shot frum bein a feast. thare is a grate temple heer that wont bee finisht this side uv the kingdom Come and a big church affare that dont look like nuthin under the shinin kanopie but a turtill's back.

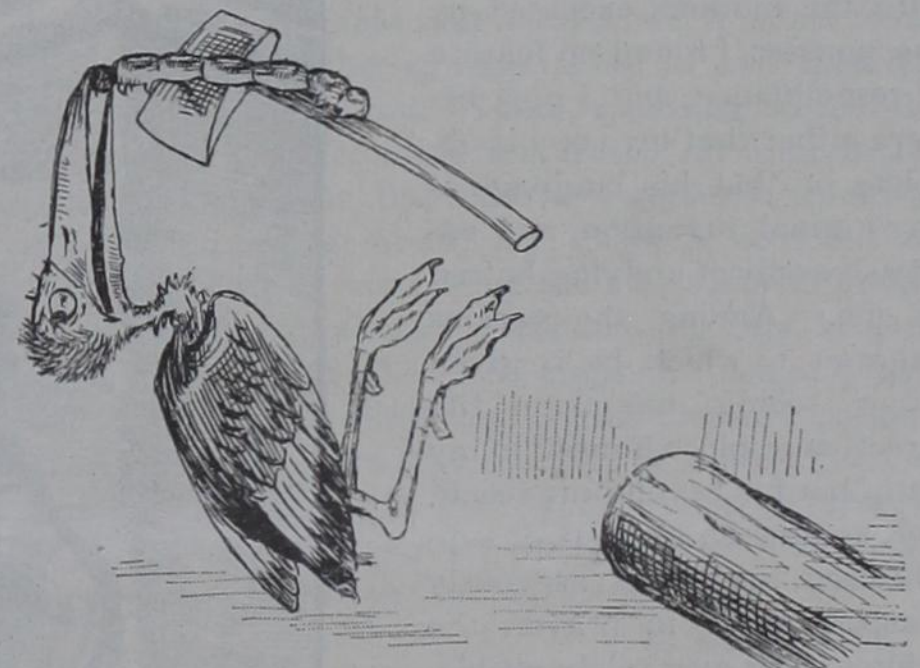
the jentiles heer are huslers frum the husler rivver and thay are a goin to bild a grate sittu heer as shure as i am Nee high to a shote. denver and choleradah Springs and Peweblow and this burg are all growin in like kukkle burrs

groe in jewn but ile taik old Ioway in mine fur all that. the vallies out heer kin laff till they bust, ide rether liv and dye on old skunk rivver. ime loanly tonite luv without you and have a goshwallopin big boil growin on my neck and hopin these fue lines will find you enjoyin same blessin i am yourn til deth,

SILAS VASTINE.

NEW YORK UNSAFE.

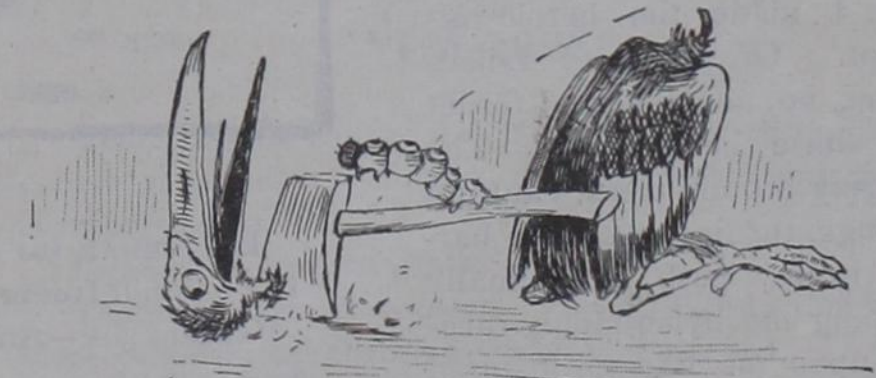
First Tramp—New York is getting to be a very unsafe place to live in.



Second Tramp—That's so; so many sandbaggers on the streets nights.

First Tramp—That ain't what I was thinking about. A policeman came pretty near locking me up last night.

It was a druggist's little boy who said Ponce de Leon went to Florida to discover the soda fountain of perpetual youth.



HE HADN'T CHANGED.

EX-NURSE—Law, chil', dar yo' is. Don't you 'member you' ole nuss, honey? I often held yo' on my lap and kissed does baby lips. Yes, chile, yo' look just de same. I knowed yo' in a minute.



THAT DREADFUL BOY.



ESSENCE OF demon is what I call him," growled Bachelor Heartburn, with a convulsive shudder, "there is a vein of insidious fiendishness permeating the being of a boy that requires something superhuman to comprehend, analyze, repress or exercise."

"What suggests this train of thought?" asked Wayfarer, timorously, for he beheld his friend agitated by some powerful emotion.

"A dreadful boy," snapped the other; "a freckle-faced, red-headed, bow-legged shrimp of a boy, who torments me. I venture to predict that he will come to some horrible end if he is not mercifully killed before his time. My first acquaintance with the revolting subject began one cold winter morning when I was rash enough to smile at his efforts to dislodge from his seat the driver of a coal cart by the rapid projection of snow balls. From that moment I have been his victim, and my heart is as bald of smiles as a cucumber is of hairs."

"The conduct of that boy, sir, towards me has been a series of outrages. Why, just imagine a man of my years and dignity being accosted almost daily with remarks like this: 'Ah! Hearty, old boy! Do your whiskers hurt? Did you grow 'em yourself, or buy 'em?' Again, 'Look out, old man, your wife is looking for you.' But worse than these his mystic words conveyed in most supplicating accents to 'Let Charlie come out,' is what drives me almost to distraction. I will make solemn affidavit that I know no human being bearing the name."

"When verbal communications become monotonous, from a safe vantage ground on the other side of the way, he stands with a face of the deepest concern, and transmits various cabalistic messages to me in what appears to be the deaf and dumb alphabet. By diligent effort I procured an illustrated study of the mutes' alphabet, but upon comparison with the motions executed by the monster, I found no feature of resemblance, and I now believe either that my copy is obsolete or that his language is an original invention, and expressive only of undying hatred of me. Among the various vagaries to which he is given when seeing me upon the street, is to place himself in my path, but far beyond my reach, and assume an attitude of supplication, his hands nervously clasped as if in prayer, the whites of his eyes solely visible, his knees knocking together, while the whole attitude bespeaks the greatest terror. At my approach, he flees."

"Catch him! Ha! Good! Catch him! I'd like to see any one do it. Once in a moment when driven almost rabid by him, I made the heroic attempt. Of course I failed. Never, no, never, shall I forget the chase he led me. The dodging around trees, vaulting railings, turning over ash barrels in my path, and finally tripping me by suddenly turning upon me like an inspired

goat. The recollection seems like a hideous dream.

"Once only, and by accident, was he in my grasp, and the precious moment passed never to return. He was fleeing from an enraged citizen and ran into my arms. While debating with myself as to the manner of his death, his pursuer came up and demanded his surrender. I immediately filed a claim of priority. This was disputed and we nearly came to blows. I compromised by yielding him on the condition that he should be returned to me after he had paid the penalty of his offense."

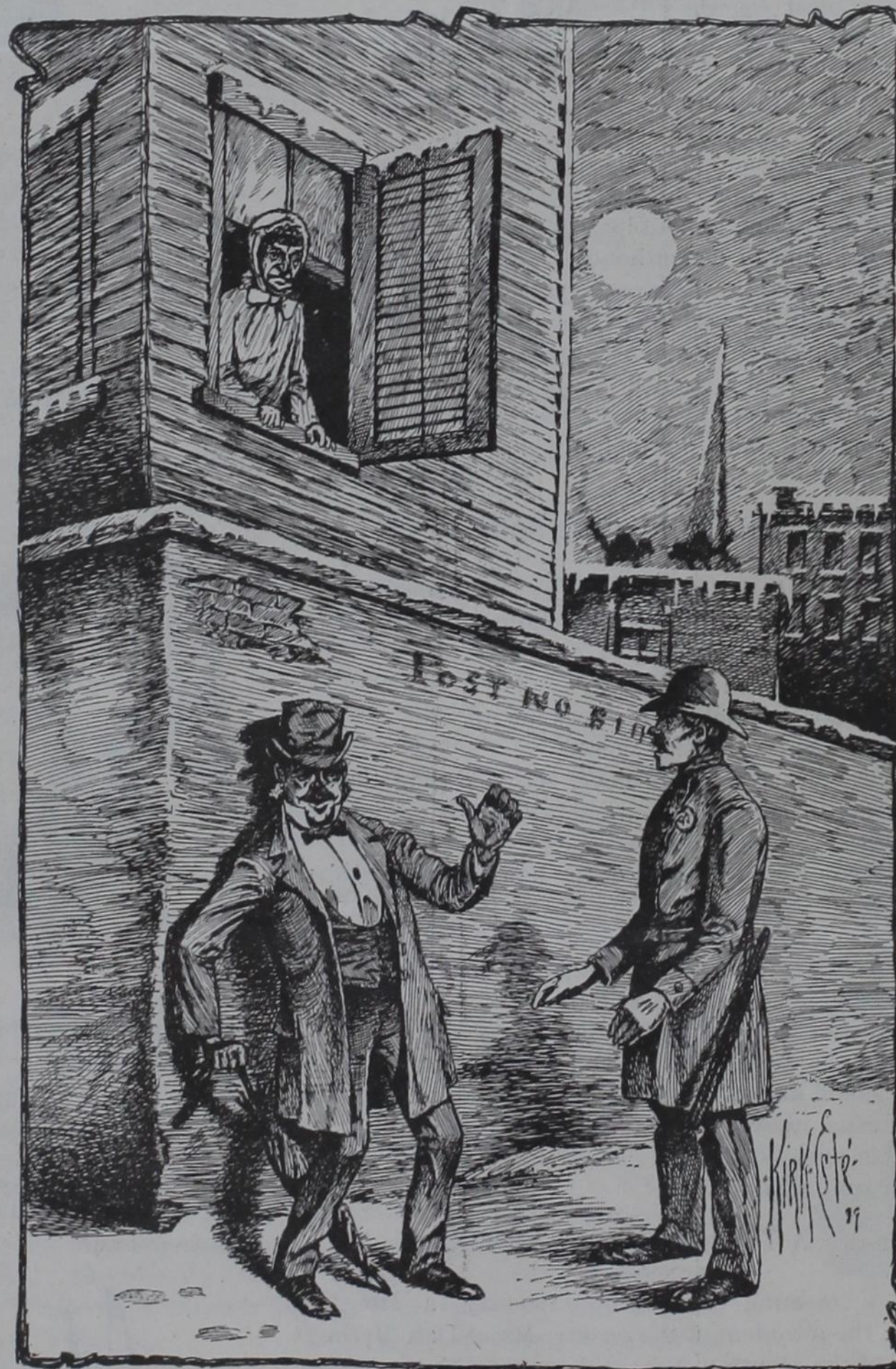
"I complacently viewed the punishment inflicted, and his outcries of pain were as the softest melody to my ears. Then came my turn, but when the lad solemnly clung to a fire hydrant and swore by all the Gods of Israel that it was a twin brother who had been my tormentor, my heart failed. I relaxed my grasp, and lost the opportunity of my life and my happiness forevermore."

"Subsequent inquiry elicited the information that he was the only son of parents whom he had driven to early graves years ago, and was now in the custody of an uncle who through a maudlin sentiment of consanguinity, permitted him to live."

"I have lain awake many a night contriving plans to catch him. I have issued forth in disguises which he promptly discovered and heralded through the street with the announcement that I was going to a masquerade ball."

"He seems to be possessed with the weird notion that I have sporting blood, inasmuch as he cries aloud to me bets on any subject that occurs to him. His occasional suggestion to 'Slide, Heartburn, slide,' and 'Take your base, old man,' seems to confirm this suspicion in my mind. This notion I think he imbibes from seeing me on Sundays accompanied by my setter dog. On these occasions, in remarks addressed to his appreciative companions, he intimates that I have a fowling piece under my coat, and threatens to report me to the minister if I do not leave a brace of ducks around to his house."

"Have him arrested? Ah! Yes! I went through that. Procured the warrant! Arrest effected. Summoned to appear against him. Tumultuous joy. Some



BETWEEN ICE AND FIRE.

POLICEMAN (to Guzzleton)—I say, Mr. Guzzleton, why don't you go in? You'll freeze out here, sir.

GUZZLETON—And if I go in I'll (hic) git roasted, don' ye see? Mrs. G— is up.

LOVE AND TENNIS.



She was playing tennis
When I saw her first,
And of all love cases
I think mine was worst.
With her tennis racquet
And her quaint costume,
Never had a flower
Such a dainty bloom.

Tennis days are over,
Winter's here at last;
In and out of doors
Screams the wintry blast.
We don't miss the tennis,
For we're now together;
She keeps up a racket,
Even in winter weather.

mistake. Another boy of some kind. I moved from the locality. Vain hope. The expressman who transferred my effects must have been in league with him, for the next morning as I emerged from my new habitation I beheld my enemy standing on his hands, his feet elevated in the air, while a diabolical gleam rested in the whites of his eyes which leered horribly at me by reason of his inverted position.

"That boy has entered into my existence in a manner that I firmly believe will cease only at my death. My interest in the living world is now ended, and in a short time those of my friends who would find me must search the quiet grave."

F. H.

TWO JARS AND A PICKLE IN EACH.

THE PICKLE IN JAR NO. 1.

The domestic affairs of my friend, Honeydew, run about as smoothly as the ordinary experience suggests. That Mrs. H. is a devoted wife is beyond question, and H. himself, is not the worst of husbands. But, like all loving wives, Mrs. H. relishes an occasional assurance that she holds pre-eminence in her husband's regards. Not long since, after the less important affairs of the household had been discussed and settled for the time being, she appealed to him, "Now, do you like me?"

"Of course I do," he gallantly replied.

"And," she queried again, "you wouldn't care to trade me off for somebody else?"

He—"No! No! Assuredly not, for —"

She—"Oh, you are a good —"

He—"I couldn't afford to pay the difference."

T-a-b-l-e-a-u. (Curtain.)

THE PICKLE IN JAR NO. 2.

Nevertheless, the usual harmony gradually intervened, until one Saturday afternoon about a month afterwards, when domestic affairs were again the subject of settlement. She had brought the proceedings successfully down to, "Now, one thing more; I need ten dollars to go down to the milliner's after—something—that—will—make you feel proud of me at church to-morrow."

He—"A milliner's bill, eh? Well, now, I am really sorry I didn't know earlier that you wanted it; do you see this?" holding a card before her, "here's where my money went to-day."

She—"What's that?" (reading,) "'This Ticket is Good for the number of Turkish Baths at Dr. Hot-water's Oriental Palace indicated by the figures in the margin unpunched.' Oh, Turkish baths, is it? One, two, three," counting upon her fingers significantly, "four, five, six, seven, eight, nine; one bath a year for nine years! How old you will be when those are gone?"

T-a-b-l-e-a-u. (Curtain.)

BEN FABIAN.

SHOULD HAVE APPLIED TO THE QUEEN.

Lecturer (just returned from an unsuccessful tour in Europe)—I must say I was disappointed in England. Friend—Did you fail to draw?

Alas, yes.

You should have applied to the Queen.

What good would that have done?

Perhaps the Queen might have given you an "audience."

HE HAD LOST HIS BALL-ROOM.

On Christmas Eve a policeman found a young man in evening dress but minus hat and overcoat, wandering on Broadway and in his mind, muttering incoherently. He appeared like one lost; but it turned out that, like the Indian, his wigwam was lost, in other words, his ball-room. He had gone to a Christmas Eve ball, and stepping out bareheaded to get a drink he couldn't find the hall again. What made it worse he had forgotten the name of the hall in which the ball was held. He had a check for his overcoat and hat, but there was nothing on it but the number and a charge of twenty-five cents.

He explained to the policeman that his wild conduct had resulted from his being ejected from several Christmas Eve balls, in his vain attempt to find the one where he belonged, and where there were several young ladies with whom he was engaged to dance. One of them he had promised to "see home," but he began to doubt whether he should see home again himself. He disliked, he said, to ask information of any one about this particular hall, for it looked absurd that a man didn't know where the dance was that he was attending. So he had wandered about, hoping that he might stumble on it by some fortunate accident. Instead of that he had stumbled on a policeman.

But the policeman was kind and humane—perhaps he had mislaid his ball-room himself when he was young and-giddy—and he conducted him to a hotel where he could refresh himself with sleep and be better able to get his lost bearings in the morning.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG HUMORIST.

Editor—"This is good—very good; needs developing, but is decidedly promising. Stick to it, my boy, and you'll blossom into a mirth-provoker yet. But now take my advice: You wrote this in the city, didn't you?"

Young Humorist—"Yes, sir."

"I was sure of it—I knew it. It bears unmistakable marks of the writer's close contact with the carking cares of life in this great seething business whirlpool. But I will diagnose: You have written upon scraps of manilla wrapping paper, about which there still clings an odor of Sweetzerkase—'You may break, you may shatter,' etc. I see you are familiar with the quotation. But to proceed. I infer that your last repast was a cheese sandwich. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir."

"I note that you use vari-colored inks, from which I am led to believe that you have written your sketch at a number of stopping places as opportunity afforded. Is this true?"

"It is."

"Well, now, my boy, as I have intimated, you have reason to feel confidence in your future career as a humorist, but you must proceed in the proper way to develop the latent ability which it is clear you possess."

"Thank you, sir. I will be only too glad to follow your advice implicitly."

"That's right. Well, then, you must get out of town. Engage board in some handsome suburban villa, where you can have the most luxurious of home comforts. Have your library and study filled with books of reference and standard works generally—all of the best writers, in fact. Take all of the leading periodicals of the day—"

"But—"

"But don't let your absorption in literary pursuits cause you to neglect physical culture. Take a dash across country on a spirited horse every day; row frequently on the lake; drive with the ladies of the household often; rub up against men of intellect freely; go into good society always. Don't stint yourself in spending money. Nothing is more calculated to dwarf the intellect than to allow the mercenary spirit to obtain sway—"

"But, sir, how can I do these things? I haven't got a cent."

"Haven't a cent! Then what on earth do you want to write funny business for?"

"I thought I could make a living in that way, may be."

"Oh, nonsense—nonsense! Abandon the idea, my son. Humor is the end, not the means to riches. You look strong and vigorous. Get a job at putting in coal, if you want to make money."

CORT.

GRIM HUMOR.

The doomed man had already been fastened to the board of the guillotine and was being shoved under the knife, when he said pleasantly to the assistants:

"Gentlemen, won't you kindly run this thing backwards and forwards a few times. I do love to ride in the open air."



SALOONS CLOSED.

STRANGER (to native of the town)—What's going on here, a Sangerfest?
NATIVE—Nothing special going on.
What are they bringing all that beer for?
Well, you see, to-morrow's Sunday, and this is a local option town. All the saloons are closed.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE RAT.

This is a semi-domestic animal, that, uninvited, takes up its habitation within the habitations of men. Authorities call the rat a rodent, and as it makes but little difference what they call it, so long as it is a rat, no one quarrels with the authorities.

The rat is a small animal and varies in size. If it happens to get into good feeding ground it gets large and portly, and is a kind of aristocrat; if it gets into poor feeding ground, hangs around a church and skirmishes for what it can get, it is a sort of a democrat, and has a hard time of it. Aside from being the natural enemy of the cat, the rat has attained considerable reputation for sagacity, and is considered one of the cunning animals, though there is no doubt but that like other professional sharpers, it is sometimes over-rated. It is said that rats will desert a sinking ship; but, for that matter, so will any one else, if they have the opportunity. Sticking to a sinking ship is not a bit more popular among men than among rats. The immediate prospect of a compulsory bath is not so pleasant even to the sailor himself but that he will "pull for the shore." It is also said that a rat when it wants to eat cream out of a pitcher will dip its tail in and then lick the cream from the tail. There is nothing so awfully cute in this. The chances are, if the rat went to the cook and asked for the loan of a goblet, it would be refused, and the rat knows it. There is no doubt but that the law of the survival of the fittest has impressed the present breed of rats. With dodging cats, keeping out of the way of masked steel-traps and denying itself indulgence in tempting and highly flavored poisons, the rat does not quite lead the life of a Sybarite, and any animal that is put on the keen jump to preserve life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, is apt to acquire a few tricks in the course of centuries.

E. R. COLLINS.

AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

A.—Who is that man over there who wears such an air of resignation?

B.—He may be a bank official about to visit Canada, or he may only be a New York city official who is about to be investigated by the Grand Jury. You can hardly tell the difference nowadays.

VERY TRUE.

Teacher—All things which can be seen through are called transparent. Fanny, mention something which is traosparent.

Fanny—A pane of glass.

Teacher—Quite correct. Now, Fanny, mention some other object through which you can see.

Fanny—A keyhole



TOO STYLISH.

OLD MAN RAGGIT—Yep, I'm goin' furdur west!

NEW COMER—Why, what's the matter?

Gittin' too durn stylish yere fer me.

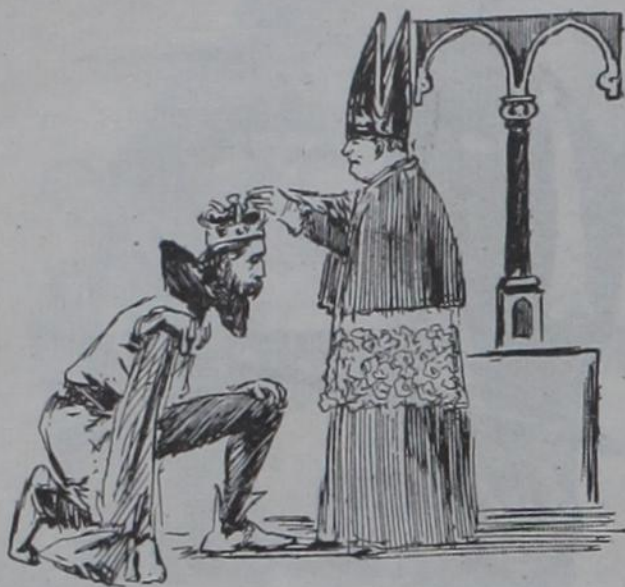
In what way?

What way? W'y, thunder, podner, over at the dance, last night, three uv the gents was a-wearin' coats an' mor'n half uv um had took off their spurs! First thing we know you kaint tell this settlement frum Bostor! I'm goin' furdur west!

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART IX



HE grandfather of Charlemagne—Charles the Great, in English—was Charles Martel, as I have told you, and his father was Pepin le Bref, so called on account of his insignificant stature. Yet Pepin the Little

was a pretty big man, when we consider his achievements. His strength was equal to his courage, and the most athletic men of his time didn't care to tackle him.

One day young Pepin was witnessing a fight in the arena between a bull and a lion. The bull was getting the worst of it, when Pepin leaped lightly into the arena and cut off the lion's head with one blow of his sword, amid thunders of applause. I will explain, *chers enfants*, that arena means sand, and Pepin le Bref had lots of it. He had cheek, too, for, presuming upon his suddenly acquired popularity, he demanded then and there that the people make him king, a title which Charles Martel, his father, never assumed when he was alive, although as mayor of the palace he exercised all its functions.

But the Franks were not prepared to throw the Merovingians overboard quite yet, and sought out a young prince of that decaying house, the last descendant of Clovis, and proclaimed him king by the name of Childeric III. This was the last do-nothing king. Pepin effected an union with the Pope of Rome, who favored his ambition because he would be useful to the Church, and he was thus enabled to depose Childeric and have himself proclaimed king of the Franks (752). Thus you see Pepin the Little was the first Carolingian king, after all. He founded a new dynasty, fraught with new elements of social, religious and political development. The name of this dynasty is derived from Carlingen, sons of Charles, meaning their renowned father, Charles of the Hammer. I trust that you will be able to get this fact into your heads, *mes petits amis*, without any further hammering.

The Pope and King Pepin were mutually helpful to each other. Pepin needed the sanction of the Holy See to legitimize his crown, and the Pope required the assistance of Frankish arms, by which he was finally raised to the position of a temporal and territorial sovereign, besides filling the Spiritual seat of St. Peter.

Pepin considered himself "the anointed of the Lord," like the ancient kings of Israel, and he supported and advanced the Church as foremost among his kingly duties. The bishops had great power under Pepin, and his subsequent wars were chiefly waged for the purpose of converting the heathen to the Christian religion.

It seems a queer way to convert a man, to go and kill him, but that is the way it has been done very often. One thing can be said in its favor: after a heathen has been converted in that way he never backslides. He stays right there, unless removed to another cemetery.

Pepin crossed the Alps twice into Italy to assist the Pope, as he had pledged himself to do, and by defeating the Lombards he laid the foundation of the temporal sovereignty of the popes, which Italian unity has now taken away from them, after it had been maintained for more than a thousand years.

Warlike enterprises in various directions filled up the entire reign of Pepin, which closed in 768, his eldest son, Charlemagne, succeeding him as king of the Franks, and he united under his sole sceptre the whole of their immense empire, more German than Roman-Gaul.

Charlemagne early distinguished himself as a warrior. Soon after he mounted the throne the Lombards revolted against the papal government, and the king marched his army across the Alps and put them down, making their king, Didier, his prisoner. He was the last of the Lombard monarchs, and his kingdom now became subject to Charlemagne. He did not incorporate it with his transalpine empire, however, but he assumed the iron crown of Italy and entitled himself king of the Franks and the Lombards.

You probably think it strange, *mes bons enfants*, that a king should prefer an iron crown when gold was to be had, but that was a fad with the monarchs of Lombardy. Perhaps the founder of the house was in the hardware business originally, or it may be that the tariff on iron was so heavy that it really cost more than gold. At any rate, the iron crown of Lombardy was held in great respect. Napoleon had himself crowned king of Italy with it, in imitation of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was engaged in wars during nearly the whole of his reign, which covered a period of forty-seven years. He waged war against the Saxons for over thirty years. The Saxons were a German tribe like the Franks, but they were barbarians, and Charlemagne considered it his duty to bring them under the protecting wings of the church. Those who stubbornly refused to be baptized were put to the sword, and it was necessary to almost exterminate the Saxons before they could be made to accept the gospel of peace. He invaded Spain to fight the Saracens, who were threat-



Charlemagne at School.

ening his territory, and conquered considerable of their territory, but in returning through the valley of Roncesvalles his rear guard was cut off and destroyed to a man, among them his nephew, the renowned Roland, celebrated in romance and song.

In the year 800 Charlemagne was crowned by the pope, in Rome, Emperor of the West, a title which the successors of the Cæsars had worn since the division of empire of Constantine the Great. His empire at that time was one of the greatest known in Europe. It embraced all of France, the larger part of Germany, many provinces in Italy and Catalonia in Spain. The latter years of his life were devoted to the improvement of his subjects. He revived letters and founded schools, and it is even said that he went to school himself with the boys to encourage them. His capital was at Aix la Chapelle, in Germany, where he built a splendid church in which was his tomb.

A MOVEMENT THAT MOVES.

And now they say there is going to be a movement against the corset. Well, I thought there had been for some time; in fact, I am quite sure that such a movement has been on foot ever since the corset came into use. It has been conducted very quietly, however, and has not attracted much public attention. The most zealous workers in the cause have generally had the least to say about it; but they have been at work just the same. The ladies themselves, while apparently much interested in the movement, have usually left its management to their gentlemen friends, who have gone into it heartily. No public meetings have as yet been held with this object in view, although the subject receives more or less attention every day, or rather every night, at the hands of many of our young men.

In my younger days, when I wrote love sonnets to

the mistress of my heart, and contracted nasal catarrh in singing them beneath her windows at night, to the twing, twang, twinkety twum! of a low-spirited guitar, I was more interested in this movement than I am now. At that time it was nothing unusual for me to sit up far into the still night, prolonging the agitation. Ordinarily, one arm was sufficient, although there were occasions when it required the use of both to do the subject justice. I would recommend the use of both arms as being more effective. It is to be hoped that nothing will be done to stop this movement. Let the good work go on.

COL. MAX SCUDDER.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

What has become of civil service reform? When Harrison went into office we heard a great deal about civil service reform, but it seems there was more cry than wool. This civil service reform business reminds one of the story of a monk who used to call public attention to a most wonderful relic in his possession, it being no less than a hair from the beard of St. Peter. An honest peasant went to see the relic. He rubbed his eyes very hard, and said:

"I can't see that hair."

"Of course, you can't see it," replied the custodian of the relic; "how can a fellow like you see it, when I, who have had charge of it almost a year, can't see it myself?"

When the administration organs fail to perceive any civil service reform, outsiders may as well give it up.

A QUIET DONKEY.

Sam Johnsing, a colored citizen of Austin, returned to that city after an absence of a few weeks in the country. After he had got back he was asking Uncle Mose how his negro acquaintances were coming on, and among others Jim Webster, who was noted for his surliness.

"Didn't yer meet a funeral when you was coming into town?" queried Uncle Mose.

"Yes, I seed dat funeral."

"Huh! Dem was Jim Webster's obsequies, dey was."

"I mout hab knowed hit. Dat ain't de fust time dat niggah snubbed me on de streets widout lettin' on dat he seed me."

Tramp—Great Scott! Here it's next winter and I haven't bought my summer before last outfit yet. Wonder if I ever will catch up. Well, there's no use getting them now.

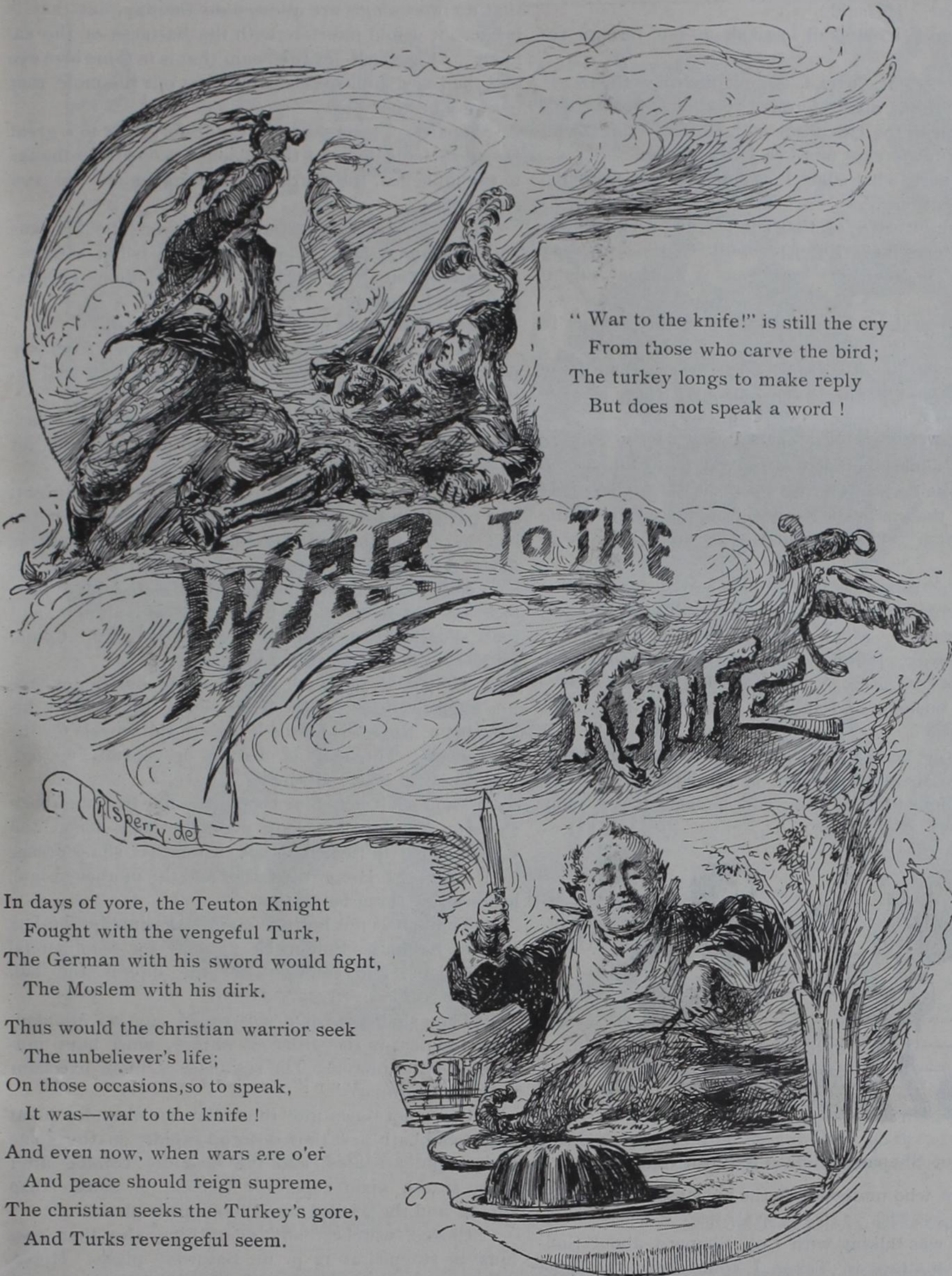


TWO HARVARD GRADUATES.

REV. DR. DISCORD—Why, dear Jack, I am glad to see you. You are looking so well. What have you been doing?

JACK SCRAGGS—Pitching for a League club at \$5,000 a year. What are you doing?

DISCORD—Preaching for a chapel at \$500 a year!



"War to the knife!" is still the cry
From those who carve the bird;
The turkey longs to make reply
But does not speak a word!

In days of yore, the Teuton Knight
Fought with the vengeful Turk,
The German with his sword would fight,
The Moslem with his dirk.

Thus would the christian warrior seek
The unbeliever's life;
On those occasions, so to speak,
It was—war to the knife!

And even now, when wars are o'er
And peace should reign supreme,
The christian seeks the Turkey's gore,
And Turks revengeful seem.

BRUDDER SILAS ON KYARD-PLAYIN'.

"Good mawnin', Brudder Silas; 'pears like you is sufferin' wid a misery somewhars, from de sanctimonious way dat ole white mule come a creepin' up de road. What ails you?"

"Sister Sally, tain' no pain in de outward, invisible man; hit's de inward, visible, de pain dat doan fin' no 'levation but de toom."

"Oh yes, I specks you bin samplin' some dem young cabbiges widout bilin' a pod ob pepper in de pot."

"No, Sister Sally, you ain' located dat pain yit; hit's much wus den cabbige pains. My heart was dat heavy as I come up de big road, dat hit made de mule sway-backed to tote me. Hit reached my hearin' dat one de Zion-boun' sisters is bawkin' in de race; hit's de one dat's bin de pillow in church; de bolster in pra'r-meetin'; sings de loudes'; prayin' de longes', and shouted till de chimibly fell in; an' you is dat pusson. Whut made you wait tel yo' head wuz white as de Molly-Cotton's tail? Satan's bin waitin' all dese yeas to trip you up, an' now he's done it wid a slip ob paper. He foun' yo' weakes' pint wuz friv'lousness, an' now he's done hooked his tail roun' dat pint, an' he's gwine to yank you, soul an' body, into de fiery furnace. Hit ain' ben no mo' den two Sundays sence you stood up in de church denouncin' kyards as de debbil's own han' bills, advertisin' to kotch sinners. Stid'n dat, he's kotch one de saints. Is yo' ole head done turned clean roun' on yo' body, so as yo' is gwineter walk backwards all yo' sinful days?"

"Brudder Silas, dat's all de spostulatin' I'm gwinter put up wid. Ef you sees fitten to expulse me from de church you kin do it, but you better study up yo' 'rifmetic an' see ef hit tells whar you gwineter git yo' Sunday dinner. Think 'bout dat chicken pie wid de thick crus' an' gravy 'nuff to swim in. Ef de peacock hadn' spread hissef he'd a had his tail now, an' how is you

gwineter feel nex' time you come pacin' down de big road an' sees another mule hitched to de pos'? He won' be no Mefordis' mule nuther; he'll be a Baptis'. Dar is mo' gates leadin' into de Kingdom den one. I kin yell 'glory' jes' as loud in Baptis' as I kin in Mefordis' an' louder, kaze de church is bigger, an' I specks de Baptis' wings kin fly as high as Mefordis'."

"Sister Sally, 'sposin' you wouldn' kick tel you git spurred. Hit's my christian juty when one ob de sheep strays too near de fence to skeer him back, lessen he mout jump inter worl'y pastures. I wuz jes' tryin' to skeer you back from jumpin'. I don' know nuffin' 'bout sech 'niquitous proceedin's as pergressive euchre, an' I can't locate de passages dat prohibits de game, but it do seem like sensible fokes mout fin' a more lucretous way to squander dey time. In de scripchers hit says dey cas' lots, so in co'se dey used dice; so if you christian fokes mus' play sump' in, play craps er oontz an' policy; but when hit comes to ole slege, er pergressive euchre, I'm gwineter call um to account. Sister Sally, de pain is better, an' ef I had some of dat fine gin to qualify de emptiness in my stummick, I 'low hit won' pester me much longer. Wiles you is up an' stirrin' s'posin' you rakes out some dem live coals an' drap a couple ob big taters back in de ash bed, so as dey can be roastin' while you dilates de festivities to me."

"Brudder Silas, dat wuz de out' nes' doin's. In de fus place, Sister Jane didn' exercise no indiscrethin in selectin' her guests. She had all kinds mixed up—eberry-day plantation niggers an' quality fokes. Mos' all de gals had on neckollet in dresses,—apin' de white fokes—dat means no sleeves an' not much waists."

"Sister Jane mus' done fergot dat niggers don' git cake ebbery day in de week, and dey helped deysel'fs so ginerous dat de cake guv out, an' dem as didn' git none, 'lowed dat de yuthers belonged in a pen, stid'n de parlor. I didn' git none, nuther, so I up an' tole um not to grieve deysef's 'bout dat cake, kaze I loaned Sister Jane de eggs, an' dey come from under de ole

yaller hin dat's bin settin' nine days. but I didn' tell it tel de cake wuz et.

"Dem as got lef' did de smilin' on all de res' ob dat party.

"When I got de invite, how wuz I gwineter know dat pergressive euchre meant kyard playin'? I don know one kyard frum tuther; de ace ob spades frum de queen ob hearts, an' ef I had de right and lef' bower, ace an' queen, I speck I'd be fool nuff to order up de trump.

"I didn' know whut dey wuz fixin' to do when I got dar an' seed um all settin' roun' de table talkin' 'bout 'clubs' an' 'spades' an' things I wa'n't familiar wid, but outen respekt fer de hostis I didn' 'spress my feelin's on de subjeck.

"Dem hoe-han's helt dey kyards like it wuz a eel, squirmin' to git back in de branch.

"Brudder Silas, ef you wuz playin' a certain game ob kyards, an' wuz to git four aces, what would you do?"

"Me, chile, honey, I'd rake in de jack-pot an' go on 'bout my business. What did you suspect I'd do?"

RETIRE EARLY.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

A FORGETFUL MAN.

She—It is not right for you to be flirting with young ladies, particularly when you were married only last week.

He—By Jove, that's so; I have forgotten all about it. Please excuse me for my absent-mindedness.

THE SERVANT GIRL QUESTION.

Mrs. A.—Did you engage that servant you spoke to me about yesterday?

Mrs. B.—No, she had only been in one place before she came to me.

How about the other one?

O, she has been in seven different families in the last six months.

IN THE CONSERVATORY.

She—What sort of a flower is this?

Man (who stutters)—It is a chris—chris—an—an—chrisan—chris—

She—At that rate the flower will fade before you say what it is.

HE WAS FULL ALREADY.

She—Just think, cousin Fritz while coming home from his club last night fell into the water.

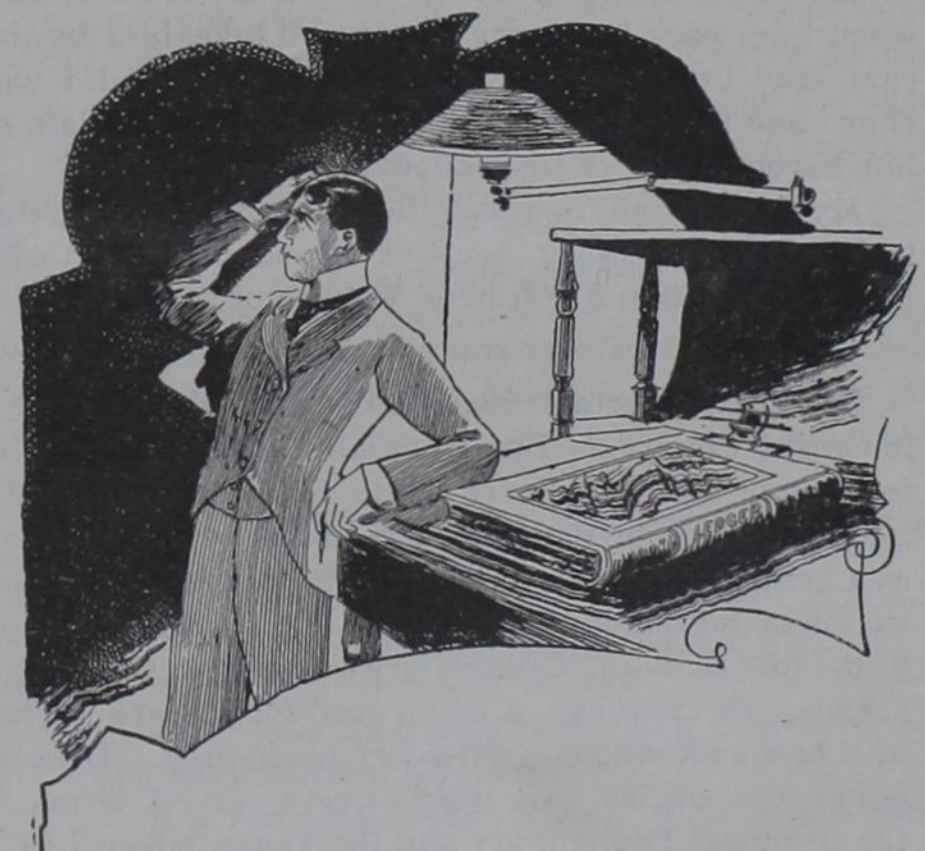
He—Great heavens! I hope he didn't drown!

She—He couldn't drown. He was so full he couldn't swallow any water.

MATRIMONIAL DANGERS.

A.—I hear that since you are married you are no longer attentive to your wife, that you never say a kind word to her.

B.—Well, she is to blame for it. I have had some sad experiences by being amiable and complimentary. Not long since I compared her teeth to pearls, and the result was she badgered me into buying her a \$500 pearl necklace, so you see I can't afford to be complimentary.



THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DILEMMA.

As he stood 'neath the gas by his desque,
His pose it was stern—statuesque;

For his Ledger—alack!

Was two cents out of whack,
And he wanted to see "the burlesque."

BILL SNORT IN NEW YORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



MAIL AND EXPRESS—SNORT READS AN EDITORIAL ON THE SUNDAY LAW—AN INTERESTING LETTER TO JOHNNY:

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—In your last letter you say that the rumor prevails in Crosby County that Bill Snort helped President Harrison get up that message to Congress.

This, Johnny, is the most unkind cut of all. Verily, an enemy hath done this. When I was accused of stealing the Rose Hill ballot-box, thus defeating the Senegambian candidate by two hundred votes, I suffered in silence, and forged an *alibi*; but this is more than I can stomach. O, slander, thou foulest whelp of sin! Why dost thou blast the fairest blossoms with thy polluting breath? What has Bill Snort ever done to deserve this cruel, cruel stab?

When I was accused of having got a member of the Texas Legislature drunk, and robbed him of \$47 at poker, I didn't mind the lying slander, as I had the boodle in my inside pocket, but that a brainy Texas journalist should be charged with writing that dishwatery message of Harrison, makes me feel for my pistol.

He who steals my purse takes that which I have not, but he who robs me of my good name steals trash. Truly does Hamlet say to the fair Desdemona: "Be thou as chaste as ice-cream on toast and as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

Maybe I have got things mixed up, Johnny—I can't help it, Johnny. I am maddened by this cruel insult. My brain is on a whirl.

I know who is the author of this vile slander. Jim Doozenbury, of the Crosby County Bazoo, actuated by envy at the success of the C. C. C. & F. V., thus seeks to drag my fair name in the mire.

How can Crosby County hope to attract men of capital to develop its resources when such a mental paralytic and obscure mud-hen as Jim Doozenbury goes around unhung?

But I should not complain. Washington, himself, in the meridian of his power, was not exempt from bitter accusations by the Jim Doozenburys of his day. Like Bill Snort, Washington smiled in silence on the vipers who would poison his majesty of worth.

Jim Doozenbury is a liar and a horse-thief, and when I get back to Crosby County I'll take him by the ears—and I expect to have my hands full—and I will churn him up and down until there is nothing left of him except a pair of suspenders and a wart.

My dear Johnny, publish the following "Open letter to Jim Doozenbury" in the next issue of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator:

TO THE PUBLIC.

Whereas, a certain escaped convict, who is known in Crosby County as Jim Doozenbury, has started the foul rumor that Bill Snort wrote President Harrison's message, I hereby denounce the aforesaid Doozenbury as a gentleman who is much given to artificial recollection of misleading statements. I also call attention to the fact that Jim Doozenbury's sister, a slab-sided, long-legged man-trap, is being sued for divorce by her fifth husband, who is a Missouri horse-thief. Doozenbury's two uncles have respectively served terms in the Arkansas Penitentiary and the Texas poker Legislature.

In regard to the Presidential message I can furnish an affidavit by Lige Halford, that he wrote it himself. Viper, thou knowest a file, when thou tacklest

BILL SNORT.

I admit, Johnny, the President wanted me to write

THE GREAT TEXAS JOURNALIST IN A RAGE—HE IS FALSELY ACCUSED OF WRITING HARRISON'S MESSAGE—SNORT GOES FOR JIM DOOZENBURY, THE SLANDERER—PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY THE CAUSE OF THE VILE CALUMNY—SNORT CALLS ON EDITOR SHEPARD, OF THE

that message to Congress, but none of my suggestions were adopted. He said:

"Col. Snort, what shall I say about our foreign relations?"

"Mr. President," says I, "don't mention them. If you say anything about foreign relations, people will think you mean the Harrisons and McKees *et als.* who are holding fat foreign missions. Keep mum."

"Col. Snort, what shall I say about the Commissioner of Pensions?"

"Keep mum, Ben, on that subject, too. Make your message interesting. Refer tearfully to the drowning of McGinty, in New York harbor, as a national calamity."

"Don't you think I ought to mention the surplus in the Treasury?"

"There will be no surplus worth mentioning, now that Dudley and Tanner have opened a claim agency in Washington."

"What shall I put in the message?"

"Write something spicy about the baby hippopotamus that was born in Central Park. You can brag that nothing of the kind ever happened under a Democratic administration. That's about all you have got to brag about."

Instead of following my advice and writing a live message Harrison dosed the country with nine columns of chloroform.

By the way, Johnny, I called yesterday on Col. Shepard, of the New York Mail and Express, who tangles up business and religion in a most marvelous manner.

Personally, he is a nice, good gentleman, and that his paper exists at all is owing to his having the Vanderbilt millions to back him; and he also has a man-



Editor Shepard rebukes a sinful reporter.

aging editor who understands the business—swears like a trooper.

While I was talking with Col. Shepard about Sunday-school matters in Texas I could hear the most frightful profanity, annotated with dull, sickening thuds. It was the wicked managing editor consulting with a proof-reader.

Over Shepard's desk are portraits of Wanamaker and Harrison, and under them something about "Prophets and wise men." I called Shep's attention to the incorrect spelling. Prophet when brought in connection with Wanamaker's name is always spelled p-r-o-f-i-t.

In regard to the President's Message, Shepard thinks it was a great oversight not to mention in it that the Presbytery of Cincinnati, by a vote of 22 to 18, decided that all infants—bless their little souls—dying in infancy are saved. I promised to call Harrison's attention to the oversight.

We had quite a discussion about the Sunday Law.

"I am very much afraid, Col. Snort, that in Texas the Press does not seek to enforce the Sunday law," said Shepard.

"How is it in New York, Col. Shepard? It is true that no processions are allowed on Sunday, but that is because it would interfere with the business of the saloons. 'First cast out the beam that is in thine own eye and then you shall see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.'"

Shepard—"I must admit, Col. Snort, that to a great extent the side doors of the saloons are open, but thanks to my influence, the Fifth avenue stages do not run on Sunday."

Snort—"You are very much mistaken about Texas and the Sunday law. If you say Texas is not a Christian State, you are not well posted in religious geography, Col. Shepard."

Shepard—"I am glad to hear you say so."

Taking a copy of a leading Texas paper from my pocket I proceeded to read the following editorial on "The Sunday Law:"

"Thou shalt not shave on the Sabbath, but reflectingly rub thy chin with an up-and-down motion, for the wages of sin is death."

"The wise man filleth his jug on Saturday night, and partaketh thereof even unto the going down of the sun, but the foolish man trusteth to luck, and goeth as dry as a powder-horn; for, verily, he shall find the saloon closed as tight as a burglar-proof safe with a time-lock, for the banister of life is full of splinters, and man slideth down with considerable velocity. Come, let us rejoice; let us sing a new song."

"Thou shalt not wink at thy girl in church, nor take her buggy riding; for the livery horse must study his catechism, while his master greaseth the wheels for the next week. The heart of man is desperately wicked, and deceitful above all things."

"Thou shalt not shine thine own, nor thy neighbor's shoes on Sunday, but look over the back fence and whistle softly to the small boy whom ye shall grease with a nickel. Honor thy father and thy mother-in-law, lest a worse thing befall thee."

"Thou shalt not put money in the contribution-box on the Sabbath—Sunday is no day for commercial transactions, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

"Thou shalt not eat a soft-boiled egg on Monday, since the hen, in the order of nature, must have prepared it on Sunday. 'The righteous is more excellent than his neighbor.'"

"Carry not down into the cellar an oleander plant on the Sabbath, lest thou descend rapidly on thy spine and shoulder blades, and the oleander, coming after thee, sitteth upon thee, for wisdom is better than rubies, and the wicked stand in slippery places."

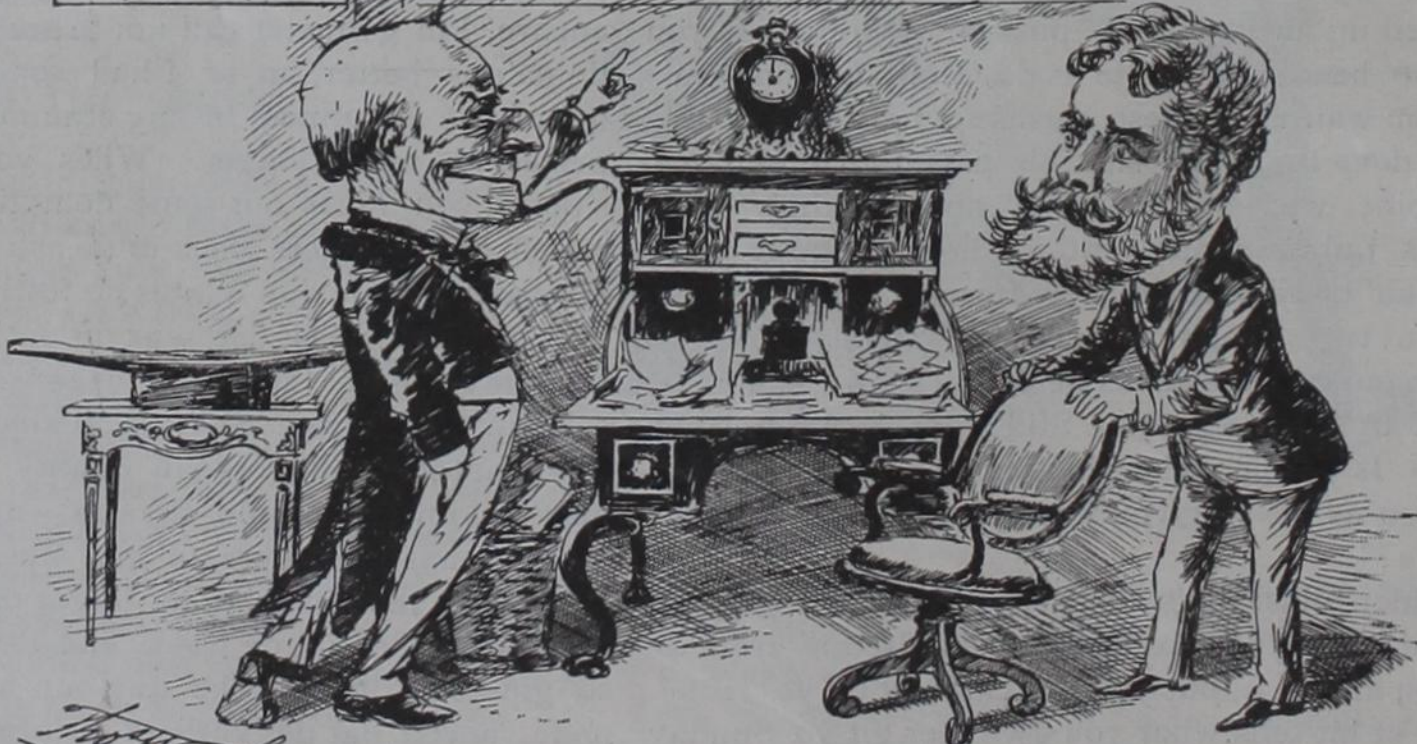
"Clocks, watches, and everything else that goes must be stopped at 12 p. m. Saturday night. Horse-thieves and bank cashiers will keep right on. A note running for ninety days will lay over at way stations on the Sabbath."

Col. Shepard was deliriously hilarious over the progress of the good cause in Texas.

I afterwards introduced myself to the managing editor, who invited me out to take some beer.

Yours as ever,

BILL SNORT.



Snort has some fun with Editor Shepard.



NO CHANCE TO THINK IN NEW YORK.

BOB OATCAKE—Well, Uncle, what do you think of Broadway?

UNCLE ABNER—Gee whizz, boy! How kin you expect anyone to think at all in this hub-bub!

A NOVEL CONVENTION.

There has been conventions of all sorts of people on all kinds of pretexts, but no one has yet suggested an assembly of the people who write testimonials to patent-medicine men. If they could be brought together what an interesting assembly it would be. Every part of the world would be represented, not excepting the heart of Africa and the lights of Asia.

Who will call this convention and marshal the innumerable hosts that have been cured of all the ills that flesh is heir to, through the potency of pills, potions and balms? They would all be people in robust health, if we may believe their testimonials. Then again, they would be a congregation of miracles—raised from the dead, many of them, or from a condition very near that of death.

"I had been bed-ridden for twenty years," writes a man to the inventor of the "Pump-sucker Pills," "but I took your invaluable medicine, and now I am captain of a foot-ball team." The man who had been relieved of a tape-worm by taking the "Telephonic Spiral Injector," would attend, with his tape-worm neatly wound on a hose reel for the inspection of the incredulous.

It would require a great many trains of cars to bring in all the people who have certified to being cured of rheumatism by the specifics that are or have been advertised, and their discarded canes and crutches might be employed in building a monument commemorative of the occasion.

DENOMINATIONAL DIFFERENCES.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, speaking of a brother clergyman who recently got into trouble by shooting quail out of season, said: "I'm sorry he got into trouble about that quail. I like Rainsford. Though

he's not of my denomination, he's a good fellow."

That is a good deal of a concession for a clergyman to make, isn't it? that another clergyman may be a good fellow, though not of his denomination. Ah, brother Parkhurst, will there be any denominations in heaven? Won't we all be good fellows, when we get there?

TOO MANY BIRTHDAYS.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones have only been married five or six years, but as they have been blessed with twins several times they have quite a large family.

Not long since, Mrs. Jones reproached her husband for lack of affection.

"Before we were married," she said, bitterly, "you never failed to make me a present on my birthday, but now you never think of it."

"No wonder," retorted Jones; "before we were married you only had one birthday, but nowadays you have so many birthdays I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels."

A HERO.

Wife—When I married you I thought you would give up your drunken habits. Are you never going to give that red nose of yours a chance to resume its original color?

Husband—Never! I've got no use for a man who deserts his colors.

AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION.

A.—I hear that notwithstanding your advanced age you have married a young wife.

B.—Yes, my dear friend, and I am perfectly happy.

A.—You are, eh; but how is it with Mrs. B.?

A PITTSBURG newspaper in its answers to correspondents, says: "Anna Dickinson was born in 1842;" then it gallantly adds, "We do not know the lady's age."



TOO SMALL FOR HER.

ETHEL (from Chicago)—I understand you have accepted Mr. Pennyfeather, Maude.

MAUDE (of Gotham)—Yes, and we are to be married in the spring.

He is such a foolish fellow, I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

You couldn't, dear; you couldn't get your feet into them.

DOLLIE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY LAURA CANFIELD SPENCER FESSENDEN.



OME THIRTY YEARS ago, there lived in the top story of a tenement house, in one of the poorest districts in New York city, a widow named Mrs. Jones and her two children—twelve-year-old Tom, and Dollie, who was not quite ten.

Mrs. Jones worked from light to dark, week in and week out, in a factory, and she got for her toil so little money that if it had not been for Tom's blacking boots and selling papers I am afraid they would often have gone to bed in their one attic room cold and hungry.

While Mrs. Jones was away at the factory and Tom shining and shouting—"Here's yer full account of everything going! evening hextra! only five cents!"—Dollie was "keeping the house tidy against mother and Tom came home."

It was wonderful to see how much this little deformed girl could do, for Dollie was a hunchback, and I don't believe she had ever known in all her life what it meant to be free from pain; yet, do you know, no one ever saw anything but a smile on the sweet, wan face, and the neighbors told Mrs. Jones that Dollie sang all day long and that her songs were mostly about a "beautiful land" where want and sickness and sorrow never came.

But while Dollie sang her hands were busy, and everything that could shine in that one room just had to do it. You could see your face in the kettle, and the stove looked like those in the shops, it had such a polish. There was not a sunbeam that forgot to come down to peep in at the little housekeeper through the small bright window panes; and Mrs. Rafferty, the old Irish woman who lived in the next room, said: "It is a cryin' sin to kape boards under fut the like of them." She meant, you know, the floor boards of Mrs. Jones' room. The only table the Joneses had was an ordinary kitchen one, but its top was white as snow, and when it was not set for breakfast or supper Dollie always kept a spread on it, and what do you think she had for material? just common newspapers sewn together and the edges pinked out with a pair of scissors, and I must not forget to tell you that Dollie had to carry all the water for her cleaning up five long pairs of stairs, for the pump was down in the back yard, and as Dollie was not strong she could only carry a very small quantity of water at one time.

The day that I am going to tell you about was the one before Christmas. It was quite late in the afternoon; her work was all done and Dollie sat by the window looking out. It was very entertaining to watch the people in the street so far below her to-day, for most of them carried bundles, and Dollie could guess by the shapes of some of the biggest parcels what might be hidden under the brown paper coverings.

She was glad to think how happy all the children would be when they woke up in the morning and found such beautiful gifts close beside their pillows; and just then a man came along carrying a fir tree in his arms. How lovely and green it looked! how beautiful it would be when lights were shining all over it, and dolls, and drums, boxes of sweets, and gingerbread toys were hanging from its branches! How Dollie did wish that she could have a Christmas tree! even if it was only just a tiny little one, and as she wished an idea came into Dollie's golden head. What do you suppose it was? I am afraid you would never guess, so I will tell you. She thought, "Why, there is my old broom, just the very thing." Then she got up from her seat and went back of the calico curtain that divided the bedroom from the kitchen and soon came back, first with a chair that had a very holey cane seat, and next with a broom, if such a stump of a thing can still use the name.

She put the broom handle through one of the small-

est holes in the chair and made it firm by tying strings, first round the handle and then about each of the chair's four legs, and when it "did not wobble a bit and stood up straight, like the cigar man's wooden Indian round the corner," Dollie clapped her hands for joy and thought her tree something really worth having.

She had only one thing to tie on it, and that was Ruth, her dear doll. To be sure, Ruth was not much to look at; her nose was broken; she had no hair; only one eye, and her arms and legs were made (by Dollie) out of white cotton cloth.

If Ruth could have spoken she would have told you that when she was new she had really considered herself a lovely doll, and it could not have been simply her opinion, since the shop man who owned her sold her to a gentleman for five dollars.

Ruth's first little mother was not very fond of her dollie children after she had owned them a little while, and poor Ruth was tossed about in all sorts of unpleasant ways, until one day the nurse swept her up with the play room dust and carried her down in a coal scuttle to the ash barrel and threw her in.

The barrel was quite full, so Ruth lay on the very top of it, and who should happen to come along but a very little girl with a pair of heavy crooked shoulders.

She stood on tiptoe and looked so longingly at Ruth that a big policeman who was passing by stopped and asked her if she was looking for anything? "I was wishing so much, sir," said the little girl, "that I might have that doll, but I suppose it belongs to the ash man."

The big policeman just lifted the little girl up and told her to take the doll in welcome, and he would like to see the ash man or any other man that would take it from her. And so Ruth found a second mother in Dollie Jones. Such a beautiful life as she and Dollie had lived for the last five years. Ruth probably knew more about Dollie than anybody else in the world, for she was Dollie's only companion through all the six days of every week. And now Dollie proposed to honor her broom-tree by hanging Ruth on it.

She had just gotten Ruth comfortably suspended by the waist when she remembered that there was bread and cheese to get for supper, and tying a thin woolen shawl over her head and shoulders (Dollie had no hat) she went down the stairs and out into the street.

The grocery was kept by a German known in the neighborhood as "Hans." There was a great many people in Hans' shop, so Dollie had to wait a long time, but she was used to waiting and it was very pleasant to look at all the nice things Hans kept for the people who had money to buy them.

At last she did get her rye loaf and cheese, and Hans went to a barrel, took a great red apple out of it, and handed it to Dollie with a "I wish you a merry Gristmas, Tollie."

You should have seen Dollie's face as she said: "Why, Hans! how did you know I had a Christmas tree?" and then she told him what her tree was made out of.

Hans stood and looked at Dollie a minute and then he went back of his counter, opened a drawer, and took out five little wax candles—a blue one, a red one, a white one, a pink one, and one just as yellow as gold. These he put into a paper bag with a stick of peppermint candy and a ball of scarlet pop-corn to keep them company, and he gave all these to Dollie for her very own.

There was only one thing for Dollie to do; she could not receive without giving in return. Hans was not an attractive person; indeed, most people thought him a cross sort of man, but Dollie said:

"Please, Hans, I should like to kiss you," and looked up into his face with such a joyous smile that tears came into the big Dutchman's eyes as he bent down and touched Dollie's forehead with his lips as tenderly and reverently "as if (as he told somebody) Tollie had been a saint in a church." But he told Dollie "to run home gwick outen de gold und vix her dree, already."

Really, you would be surprised to see how it improves a broom stump to be dressed up with colored candles, a pop-corn ball, a stick of peppermint candy, an apple, and an old doll. Dollie decided that when it was lit up she would have to ask in the neighbors, as it would be too selfish to enjoy such a pretty sight all to themselves. And just as she was thinking this she heard Tom's whistle.

Tom always whistled Yankee Doodle when he came home at night, but it seemed to Dollie that he was rather blowing the tune than whistling it this evening. It sounded something like this:

"Whew—whew—whew—whew—whew—whew—whew—
Whew—whew—whew—whew—weue hooo eu woo,"

and then he would stop a minute as if he were taking a rest before he started again.

At last he mounted the fifth pair of stairs and finally he opened the room door, and there he stopped all out of breath, and beside him was a market basket just as full of fat brown paper parcels as it could be. And when they had got it into the room and had unrolled everything and wondered over each separate article, Tom told Dollie this:

It had been a bad day for trade, and as the afternoon wore on Tom was beginning to feel that he should have to come home without a cent, when a gentleman came along, stopped, looked at Tom, and then put his foot on Tom's box. Tom was glad, so glad, that a tear fell right out of his eye on a "shined" part of the gentleman's boot. Tom brushed it in awful quick time, he said, but the gentleman must have seen it, for Tom "felt such a kind pat on his shoulder."

When the boots were done the gentleman asked Tom how much it was, and Tom said, on Christmas eve the boys asked twelve cents, but he was such a little fellow and not over strong, and he guessed his shine wasn't worth more than eight cents. The gentleman took out a silver dollar and handed it to Tom, and Tom said if the gentleman would stay by his kit, he would run and get the change, but the gentleman said: "Why, my boy, the dollar is yours!" And, said Tom, he said softly like, "a glad Christmas to you in the Christ child's name." I felt, said Tom, most too swelled to speak, but I did get out that mother and Dollie would be thankful, and then somehow I told him my name and where I lived, and how hard mother worked and about your back and Ruth; and then I told him how I meant to buy you and mother a good Christmas Eve supper. The gentleman, he says to me, "Tom, you put that dollar in your pocket and carry it home to your mother and tell her to put it away for you until you grow up, and then you take it, Tom, and put it in your own pocket and you will never see it without remembering this Christmas eve; and when you remember it, you will look about you and find some good to do, some help to give, for the Christ child's sake. And now," said the gentleman, "pick up your kit and come along with me; I have an excellent butcher and a most obliging grocer, and we will go and pay them a call." And then, said Tom, he took one of my hands in his, and we walked along together, and his great big hand made mine so warm, and when he had warmed one he made me walk on the other side of him so that he could warm the other. Ever so many people touched their hats to us, and lots of pretty ladies bowed and smiled. I didn't know there were so many kind people in the world, said little Tom.

Well, at last they turned into another avenue, where there were rows of all sorts of fine shops, and at a butcher's they went in. Tom wished Dollie could have seen it. Everything was dressed up in greens and colored papers, and although the shop was full, the "boss" came right up to Tom's friend, rubbing his hands and bowing and saying: "Good evening, sir. Anything wrong in the order to-day, Judge? If so, we'll rectify it at once, sir." But the Judge said, "No, I am not here for myself. I have just dropped in with a friend who wants a nice beef steak, a pat of butter and a few potatoes to carry home in a basket that you will lend him."

"You would have thought I was a Judge, too," said Tom. "Why, I most thought I was, myself, the butcher was so perlitte to me."

Then they went to a grocer's and added sugar and tea to the basket, and the Judge helped Tom with it clear to Tom's door.

How the children did hurry around to get the supper. Dollie set the table all over again, put the potatoes on to boil, fried the steak and boiled fresh water for the new tea, while Tom cut and spread the slices of rye bread. Such happy little children! Such a merry Christmas Eve!

* * * * *

Mrs. Jones' hard day's work was over, and as she reached the doorway of the house in which she lived she stopped to wipe away the tears from her eyes lest it should grieve the children to know she had been crying. Only a few shillings were tied up in the corner of her handkerchief, and those must, most of them, go for the rent nearly due. Oh, how she did long for ever so little, to make Tom and Dollie realize what a Christmas gift meant; but she was tired, cold and almost faint from hunger, so she began her climb to the attic. As she got to the first flight, she was greeted by an odor of good things that made her say to herself, "The Steins are having a good supper." But it wasn't

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

For Abuse of Alcohol

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. E. CRANE, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and, at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution, that is so common to heavy drinkers."

the Steins nor the two Swedish families on the next floor. The Rileys and O'Hallihans were away, and the folks on her floor and the one below lived mostly on scraps that they gathered from house to house. The door of her own poor room opened, and out upon her gleamed light, a sense of comfort and a glow of warmth, while the two voices she loved best cried: "Come in, mother, out of the dark and cold. Merry Christmas, for the Christ Child's sake."

All this happened thirty long years ago. But every Christmas Eve, in a beautiful home, one of the most beautiful in all the great city of New York, a group of boys and girls (all belonging to one father and mother) have this custom: Just as the twilight comes, they put away books and toys, and quietly, hand in hand, with peace and good will in their hearts, they enter a room (the best and prettiest in all the house) where grandma lives. They always find her seated before her open fire, looking so placidly beautiful; as one of the children said once, "as if she saw Heaven." She always has on her lap two bundles done up in pure white cloth, and the children gather all about her and are very still as she tells them the story I have just told to you; then she unrolls the bundle and the children touch most lovingly Papa Tom's kit and Aunt Dollie's doll Ruth.

Papa Tom they know and love, and Aunt Dollie they shall love and know by and by.

Another Romance.

Several years ago a young Englishman, who had just landed in this country, sought employment in Chicago. He appeared to be fairly well educated, and was of gentlemanly bearing. He declared, on more than one occasion when he applied for work, that he was willing to do almost anything—all he wanted was a chance. He confessed, however, that he was not competent to perform work that required any great degree of skill, and as a last resort, began to work in a butcher's shop. Although immeasurably superior, intellectually, to his associates, he did not hold himself above them, but strove to make the most of his situation, and, above all, to master every detail of the trade. He saved his money, became known as an authority on cutting up meat, and, in fact, was at one time summoned before court to give expert testimony in a case involving the assassination of a cow.

One day, recently, shortly after the young man had opened a shop of his own at 748 North Sarsfield street, a business-looking man entered.

"Is Mr. John De Vere in?"

"That's my name," the young butcher answered.

"I have thrilling news for you. Your grandfather is dead, and you are now the owner of Three Oaks castle. Come with me."

There was a sensation in butcher circles, and there was much rejoicing among the cleaver-men.

Mr. De Vere returned to England, and a dispatch in the papers, the other day, announced the fact that he had been knighted, and that hereafter he will be known as Sir Loim.—Arkansas Traveler.

The Midnight Cry.

Walker Flohr (sympathetically)—"Yes, old chappie, it was all the doctor could do to pull you through. In your delirium you kept talking of business all the time."

Charley Lovelace (feebly)—"What did I say?"

Walker Flohr—"Cash! Cash!"—Puck.

No Christmas or New Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.



POETS are born. Only waiter girls are made to order.—St. Paul Globe.

THE storm-cloud should have a sky blew color.—Merchant Traveler.

THERE are very few of this year's dates on the market.—Kearney Enterprise.

IT is the scissors-grinder who likes to see things dull.—Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN a lady faints she should have prop-her support.—Merchant Traveler.

THE ditch-digger is the man who always "gets in his work."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE trouble is that the fellow in position to do something for you won't do it.—Atchison Globe.

ONE cannot call the upper branch of the English Parliament a peerless body.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

PERFECTION is made up of trifles, but it is no trifling matter to attain perfection.—Somerville Journal.

THE convicted criminal is never allowed to hurry himself. He must take his time.—Binghamton Leader.

A ROOSTER is like an auctioneer. He makes a big noise in order to attract fair bids.—Binghamton Republican.

THE pirate considers himself a sea king; the detective is generally a seeking also.—Glens Falls Republican.

THE recent excitement in corn circles has not brought any increased business to the chiropodist.—Rochester Post.

IT is the unmarried lady who can give her sisters points on the art of how to manage a husband.—Boston Courier.

THERE are plenty of barks upon the sea, but they have nothing to do with the ocean greyhounds.—Boston Gazette.

The foolish fellow who gets tight,
His way is sure to lag on,
When going to his home at night,
Because he has a jag on.

—Boston Courier.

THE treacle jug, the buckwheat pancake and the cold wave now form an oligarchy of tremendous power.—Chicago News.

THE trees now resemble the man who takes off his hat when he salutes a lady—naked boughs, you know.—Boston Transcript.

WHEN a man walks you can often tell him by his carriage; but you can tell a baby by its carriage before it walks.—Yonkers Statesman.

A SOFT-COAL TRUST is announced in Pennsylvania. It is "soft" for the mine-owner, undoubtedly, but not for the consumer.—Chicago Herald.

IF the good die young it is very evident that death does not love a shining mark, for very few young people are bald-headed.—Boston Herald.

A PUP looks so mild and innocent that we sometimes think it will turn out better than others of its race, but it always turns out a dog.—Atchison Globe.

WHEN you have a cold you do not know how to cure it. All your friends know how, and they tell you, but that does not affect the cold.—New Orleans Picayune.

"WILL the coming man fly?" asks a scientific writer. He may or may not. In the meantime will the man who is already here take a walk?—Oil City Blizzard.

CO-EDUCATION in college is a success, but it isn't so much of a success as it would be if most of the girls who are co-educated in college were better looking.—Somerville Journal.

A GOOD hotel clerk will room a stuttering man and have his baggage sent up before the new arrival has time to tell what sort of a front room he must have.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Sudden Change of Weather

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price, 25 cents per box.

Odd Bits of Life.

Since the mistakes of Moses no class of people has made such peculiar and ludicrous errors as the stenographers, when you take into consideration their general brightness and cleverness. A prominent treasury official gives the "Talking Machine" of the Washington Post the benefit of several which have been of recent occurrence in his office.

Being in a hurry for certain special plans he dictated a letter to the lithographer, requesting him to rush the work as speedily as possible and forward it to the treasury in a Knox wagon.

The stenographer brought in his typewritten letter in a few minutes, and his chief glanced it over.

"You have this wrong," said he. "I told you to write that the plans were to be sent up in a 'Knox wagon.'"

"That is what I understood you to say, sir. I have written that they were to be delivered in an ox wagon."

"But I said 'a Knox wagon.'"

"Ah, yes, certainly, 'an ox wagon,'" replied the puzzled short-hand writer.

"I—I fear I don't see clearly what you find fault with, sir. I am quite sure I took you accurately."

"Perhaps I might have made myself better understood," responded the chief, "if I had said that the plans were to be forwarded to the treasury by one of Mr. Knox's express wagons."

The unfortunate young man blushed to the roots of his hair, but his experience did not save him from falling into a second phonetic pit within a fortnight. A certain young naval officer was seeking preferment, and as a step toward the goal of his desires was filing strong endorsements from various quarters. Among others to whom he applied was the treasury official. The latter knew the young officer as a diligent, studious gentleman of fine abilities and attainments. He resolved to give him as warm commendations as possible. Turning to the stenographer the official dictated a eulogistic letter to the proper direction, and mentioned his subject as having been on intimate footing at the house of the commandant of one of the federal navy yards.

When the letter was handed in for his signature, judge of the official's horror when he read in the midst of an otherwise cordial and satisfactory letter the following startling sentence:

"He is on intimate footing at the common dance-house, where I have met him frequently."

That letter was revised in a hurry.

The same succession of confusable words placed a Washington lady of high social standing in an embarrassing position. She was visiting the family of the commandant of the Charlestown navy yard in Boston harbor. She went shopping one day with the commandant's daughter. After making her purchase at one of the big dry goods stores on Washington street she directed the clerk to have them sent to her address, commandant's house, Charlestown navy yard.

"W—where?" asked the clerk.

"Commandant's house, Charlestown navy yard."

"They look like ladies," muttered the clerk under his breath. "Did I understand you to say 'common dance-house, Charlestown navy yard?'"

"Yes," answered the lady, impatiently. "Have them sent at once."

The purchases came, and the driver of the delivery wagon succeeded in placing them without much trouble, but they were addressed to "Mrs. Blank, Common Dance-House, Charlestown Navy Yard." She still preserves the box lid with the address on it, and shows it to a select few of her lady friends.

The same official is responsible for still another story:

"I was at my desk a few mornings ago when a rather rough-looking individual walked in and said: 'Good morning.' I replied to his greeting and asked him to be seated. I worked steadily ahead until I found a place to pause, then turned on him with an interrogation point in each eye. He took his foot out of his hat and said:

"I've come to take a place."

"What place?"

"Take a place as light-house keeper. I've never kep' a light-house, but that'll jest about suit me, so I've come to tell ye I'd take one. It don't make much difference whar. I seen yer advertisement, and came right to headquarters, 'stid of goin' to yer agents."

"H-m! Have you the advertisement with you?"

"Sartin."

The visitor reached into his pocket and pulled out a copy of that mornings's Post. Pointing to a certain spot, he said:

"Thar 'tis."

The official looked and read among the small ads: "Light house-keepers wanted. Apply," etc. It was an advertisement for families who wanted to do light house-keeping.

It was Different.

Judge—"What is the prisoner charged with?"

Officer—"Stealing an umbrella, your honor."

"Judge—That has long since ceased to be regarded as a crime. People ought to look after their umbrellas more carefully. The prisoner is discharged."

Officer—"But it was your umbrella he stole, your honor. I just caught him in the act."

Judge (severely)—"What! Stole my umbrella? Such petty misdemeanors as umbrella stealing are getting to be too widespread, and something must be done to stop them. I sentence the prisoner to six months at hard labor."—Yankee Blade.

With groans and sighs, and dizzied eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.

Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

A Stranger Taken In.

Hotel Porter (to gentleman in wash-room—"Is yo' guest ob de hotel, sir?")

Gentleman (paying \$4 a day)—"Guest? No; I'm a victim."—Gossip.

Something for the New Year.

The world renowned success of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and their continued popularity for over a third of a century as a stomachic, is scarcely more wonderful than the welcome that greets the annual appearance of Hostetter's Almanac. This valuable medical treatise is published by The Hostetter Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., under their own immediate supervision, employing 60 hands in that department. They are running about 11 months in the year on this work, and the issue of same for 1890 will not be less than ten millions, printed in the English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish languages. Refer to a copy of it for valuable and interesting reading concerning health, and numerous testimonials as to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, amusement, varied information, astronomical calculations and chronological items, &c., which can be depended on for correctness. The Almanac for 1890 can be obtained free of cost, from druggists and general country dealers in all parts of the country.

THE collapse of a real-estate boom only means that the wind has been taken out of the sales.—Binghamton Republican.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks, or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. JOHN RAINES, OF CANANDAIGUA.
SENATOR TWENTY-EIGHTH DISTRICT, NEW YORK.

His Girl Cleared Him.

A farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was that he came into town and secured a warrant for a certain young man living near him. When the case came up for trial the defendant said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this he had brought in "his girl"—a buxom lass of 22. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from seven in the evening until broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care—I know he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?"

"Love!" she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I gave 'em the wink about ten."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you sure?"

She blushed, looked over to her lover and laughed, and getting a nod to go ahead, she said:

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck twelve the old man jumped out of bed upstairs and hollered down, 'Sarah, yer mar wants some o' that catnip tea,' and we got such a start we broke the back of the rocking chair and went over backward kerplunk."

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knee?"

"I object!" put in Samuel's lawyer, and His Honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.—Minnesota Times.

THE Chins who have been committing depredations on the frontier of Burmah will get into a scrape with England. Of course it will be a barbarous war and the Chins will bleed.—Florida Times-Union.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

The Literary Bummer.

Tramps are imprisoned in Connecticut; but, here in New York, where the laws are observed only by the lawyers, that worst species of the tramp, the Literary Bummer, is free—more free than welcome at the lunch-counter and gin-mills which he is in the habit of frequenting. The education and experience of the Literary Bummer cloak his rascalities for awhile and make his responsibility for them more serious. He does not content himself with stale beer from a tomato can, but haunts the best bar-rooms; squats at any table where he recognizes a familiar face and asks himself to drink at the expense of the person upon whom he intrudes his undesirable company. An acquaintance once established, he soon pushes it to the borrowing point or asks his victim to cash a check which is as worthless as the Bummer who signs it.

Sometimes the Literary Bummer is well dressed; sometimes he is seedy and out at the elbows. Sometimes his flaming red nose betrays his habits; sometimes he is as pale as his own liver. But, if you ever have any doubt of his identity, you have only to ask him what he thinks of religion, the New York Press Club or any institution representing the better elements of human nature, and the wild vaporings of the repulsive creature will at once reveal his status. Although he repudiates the Press Club—which will ultimately have to bury him—he prides himself upon being a member of the press and boasts of having been the special advisor of Mr. Bennett, the right-hand man of George Jones and the confidential substitute for Mr. Dana. He has no money and is always trying to borrow a few dollars, and yet he will gravely assure you that his income from his pen is from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, and will talk of his bank stock and his Wall street investments.

The real source of revenue of the Literary Bummer are what Sweeney, in his World interview, called "Sensitives"—that is, persons who can be blackmailed.

Sweeney's exposure stirred up the Literary Bummer to their core. They went about, accusing each other; naming innocent journalists and asking mysteriously: "Do you think he could have meant Soandso?" Conscience made cowards of them all, and, between abusing Providence and the Press Club, they hiccupped maledictions upon the man from whose hands they had received the means of keeping life in their foul carcasses.—The Metropolis.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

Another Dream Shattered.

Billy Emerson, the minstrel, relates a joke on himself, says the Detroit Free Press. When he was last in London he went one night to the play and got a seat well up in front, near the boxes. A lady dropped her programme, and Emerson gallantly restored it to her. He could see that she was a great swell, and noticed that she eyed him sharply.

"Hello!" he exclaimed (in his mind) "I guess I've made a mash." With that idea predominant he glanced at the lady with a quizzical eye. Just then the curtain fell, and she beckoned him with a backward movement of her head.

"Aha!" said the natty minstrel (once more in his mind), "I've made an impression—that's very evident."

He leaned forward, the lady put forth a delicate hand and laid on his outstretched palm a—glittering sixpence!

"Wha—what's this for?" he gasped.

"Aw—you—aw—were kind enough to hand me my programme."

"And another dream was shattered."

Why She Took the Poker to Him.

Mrs. Fangle—"Did you see Dr. Big-pill last night, dear?"

Fangle (absent-mindedly)—"Yes, I saw him, and went him several bet—ter. I mean, I saw him for a moment only, and forgot to tell him to call and prescribe for you. I'll telephone to him as soon as I get to the office."—Epoch.

He Decided Not to Propose.

Anxious suitor—"What were the theatricals good for last night?"

Miss Citadel (absently)—"Didn't notice; didn't notice."

"You were there, of course?"

"Yes; but I was with Harry Bright-fellow, you know."—San Francisco Wasp.

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Not Handsome, but —

Very few people are entirely satisfactory in all lights and under all conditions. Most of us need at times to put the best foot forward. A young wife, in receiving a wedding call from an old friend, expressed her regret that her husband was not also present.

"He was called out of town this morning," she exclaimed, apologetically. "I am sorry you couldn't have seen him."

"I should have been very glad to meet him," said the guest, politely. "Of course we are all desirous of knowing him."

"Harry isn't handsome," went on the bride, critically. "Though I don't know that you'd say that either if you saw him in the evening. He does light up well!"—Troy Press.



INFANTILE
Skin & Scalp
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Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Henry E. Dixey is crowding the Standard Theatre every night with his extremely amusing play, *The Seven Ages of Man*. He is improving it continually, and we predict for it a long and successful run.

A Royal Pass, which was produced last week at the People's Theatre, is a grand scenic production, with elaborate stage settings and effects. The character actor, George C. Staley, made an excellent impression. *Hands Across the Sea* is the attraction this week.

Miss Marie Wainwright as Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, has won the hearts of the frequenters of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The production is a most elaborate one, and words of praise are heard on all sides for Manager Ben Mortimer for the care and attention bestowed on the production. Scenery and company very good.

The Harlem Theatre Comique, on 125th street, is to be torn down at the close of the present season, to give place to a business block. It is reported that Oscar Hammerstein, proprietor of the new Harlem Opera House, will build another theatre in Harlem, on 125th st., near Lexington avenue. It will take the place of the Theatre Comique and be used as a combination house. The Harlem Opera House will have a stock company next season. Mr. Hammerstein has proven himself a shrewd and enterprising manager, and all Harlem people wish him abundant success.

How easy it is to kick a man when he is down, and how prone many are to do it. When the minstrel Dockstader was flourishing he had lots of friends, and the press sounded his praise universally. He was a prince of good fellows and the greatest wit of the minstrel stage. Everybody—especially the chronic deadhead—was curious to know "Lew," and he was the lion of numerous circles. But bad luck overtook him. Patronage fell off, attempts to restore his decaying popularity by "new departures" were unsuccessful, and finally he was compelled to throw up the sponge. Now his erstwhile flatterers haven't a word to say in his behalf. Newspapers that used to laud him to the skies deride and despitefully use him, and some even say he was only "a chestnut vender," anyhow. The way of the world.

A Policeman Separated Them.

Steel Ton (at the market house)—"What are you buying this morning, Jinks?"
Jinks—"Pigs'-feet."
Steel Ton—"Cannibal!"—Harrisburg Telegram.

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Better than Faith Cure.

There were five men of us and three women, besides the driver, who were staging it between two towns in Kansas. We set out at seven o'clock in the morning for an all-day's ride, and had not made over two miles when the oldest man in the crowd, who was from the Nutmeg State, and built on Yankee principles, suddenly exclaimed:

"By gosh to squash!"

"What's up?" asked one of the lot.

"The toothache! She's hit me in that 'ere lower double tooth, and I'm in for a bushel of trouble."

"Just try and not think of it," suggested one of the women. "Keep your thoughts on your family."

He tried it for two or three minutes, and a smile of affection came to his face. It suddenly died away, however, to be replaced by a look of ferocity as he yelled out:

"Hang my family, but it don't work! Has anybody got any camphor?"

Nobody had. We hadn't even a drop of whisky. One man had some tobacco, but the Yankee couldn't go it. The ache, once started, grew worse, and as he began groaning a second woman suggested:

"I've heard say as imagination has all to do with pains. Suppose you imagine you are sound asleep and dreaming of angels and such."

He tried it, and for a minute or two the ache let up. Then it struck him with a jump, and he seized his jaw and yelled:

"Jerusha Jackson! but I'll be gauldurned if I han't goin' to die right here! Driver, stop the wagon!"

It was stopped, and he wanted to know how far it was to a town. He was told that it was twenty miles, and he fetched a groan a rod long and said:

"It's got to be done! Driver, come down here!"

"What do you want?"

"You've got to knock it out! You are the biggest man in the lot, and I guess you kin hit a purty fair blow. Give me a lifter right here on the jaw."

"Do you mean it?"

"Sartin; and don't waste any more time. Spit on yer hand, haul off, and sock me one right on that tooth. I want it knocked into a cocked hat."

"But you will go with it."

"Can't help that. Now, imagine that I've called you a double-barreled liar, and whale away."

The driver drew back and they landed on the exact spot, and the Yankee tumbled head over heels in the grass. He was up in a minute, however, and he put his thumb and finger into his mouth and pulled out two teeth and shouted:

"Whoop! It's one extra, but that's all right! Shake, old man, and then drive on with the band wagon! We—whoop! Toothache gone—pain gone—happiness came to stay! Here's a dollar, and if you want to brag around about knocking a feller fourteen feet, I won't say a word."

—New York Sun.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Buy your Christmas presents now!" is the legend that meets us in the window of an up-town store.

Thank you for the advice—but we won't do any such a thing, oh, no!

We always kindly permit our friends to buy them for us.—St. Louis Magazine.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a **WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;** they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

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Every kind of foot-wear for men, ladies, and children, in stock or made to order. Careful attention given measure work, a perfect fit being obtained by my system of measuring. Send 2-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue of shoes and rules for self-measurement.



Double sole and tap, hand-nailed, best English Grain stock, bellows-tongue, perfectly water-proof, made on an extremely easy last, and very durable. Excellent for Fall and Winter wear.

Sent by Mail or Express, prepaid \$5.50.

No man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in all kinds of weather and cares for a water-proof, durable, easy shoe should be without a pair of the "Creedmoor." The fact that this is the sixth year this shoe has been advertised in *The Century*, and each season increases the sale, is sufficient guarantee that it is all we claim.

CORTEZ, COLO., March 13, 1889.

F. P. WEBSTER, Esq., 277 Washington St.—Dear Sir: Some two years ago I bought a pair of Creedmoor shoes, which have given me every satisfaction in the hardest usage. Will you kindly send me your price on one pair of them and with postage prepaid.

W. H. WELLS, Chief-Engineer Montezuma Water-Supply Company

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BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

Special inducements offered just now in a desirable assortment of Standard Miscellaneous Books. Send for catalogue or call on

JOHN R. ANDERSON CO., 150 Nassau St., Room 1,
and 843 Broadway, near 14th St., New York.

N. B.—All of A. DEN'S Publications at Reduced Prices.

He Will Plant Lager Instead.

He had asked the girl to see the lady of the house, and when she appeared he took off his hat and said:

"Madam, I am no tramp or beggar. Next week I begin work, and I want a few shillings to tide me over."

"What are you going to work at?" she asked.

"Planting corn, madam. I have taken a job of planting twenty acres, and that will give me a big start."

"Well, if that's the case, I'll give you a quarter. I am willing to help any one who seeks to help himself."

"Many thanks."

And he had been gone half an hour when the woman suddenly ran down stairs and queried of the cook:

"Say, Jennie, you used to live in the country. What time do they plant corn?"

"In May, hereabouts."

"But where do they plant in September and October?"

"In South America, I guess."

"Oh, that makes it clear. He was probably going to South America to do the work. The thought had suddenly struck me that he was a deceiver.—Detroit Free Press.

"GENERAL court news"—account of the engagement of one young man to several young women.—Chicago Times.

THE DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO.,

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

LITERARY



No more interesting reading can be found among magazines than is embraced between the covers of the Eclectic Magazine, which is made up of extracts from the best magazines and reviews of Europe. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond St., New York.

The New York Dramatic Mirror issued a Christmas number that far excels any of its former efforts in that line, admirable as they have often been. Its colored illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the literary department very attractive.

The Grannan Detective Bureau of Cincinnati has recently published a book entitled Grannan's Warning Against Fraud. It is an expose of the manner in which designing men lay traps to swindle honest folks, and it can be studied with profit by many people.

Three popular humorists—Robert J. Burdette, Bill Nye, and J. Armoyn Knox, a witty combination—contribute to the January Lippincott a composite story of great originality and unique humor, entitled, Kinks in the Skein. This remarkable and striking tale is divided into three parts, each one of the three great humorists contributing a part. The three keen wits are thus brought into contrast, as each one treats his part from his own humorous point of view. The tale is profusely illustrated by W. W. Denslow.

The Christmas number of Wide Awake comes enlarged sixteen pages to accommodate the world of good things that it contains. The serial stories are of very superior quality. Boyeson's Sons of the Vikings is both romantic and realistic. W. O. Stoddard's Gid Granger is a true Yankee story. Santa Claus on a Vegetable Cart is a good Christmas story, fresh and natural. The Red Velvet Pig will amuse the little people, as will Mr. Bridgman's Puk - Wudjies. The illustrated poems are by Frances L. Mace and Eli Sheppard.

In his article on The Beauty of Spanish Women, in the January Scribner's, Henry T. Finck says: "If I were asked to state in one sentence wherein lies the chief advantage of Spanish women over those of other countries, and to what they chiefly owe their fame for beauty, I should say that, if a Spanish girl has round cheeks, and has medium-sized, delicately cut nose and mouth, she is almost certain to be a complete beauty; whereas, if an American or English girl has a good nose, mouth, and cheeks, the chances are still against her having a beautiful complexion, and fine eyes, hair, and teeth, as a matter of course. But over and above everything else, it is the unique grace and the exquisite femininity, unalloyed by any trace of masculine assumption or caricature, that constitute the eternal charm of Spanish women."

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

His Present.

Charley wanted to give Clara a Christmas present, but could not make up his mind as to what it should be; so the next time he called he frankly told her of the difficulty under which he was laboring.

"Want to make me a present, Charley?" Clara exclaimed in well-disguised astonishment. "Why, Charley, you forget yourself!"

He took the delicate hint and offered himself then and there.—St. Louis Magazine.

The delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's Powder, commends it to all ladies.

A Bitter Revenge.

Mrs. Semper—"Well, if that is the kind of a man he is and you disliked him before you were married I can't see why you got wedded to him."

Mrs. Temper—"I did it to spite him, I hated him so."

Mrs. Semper—"Quite a revenge, I see."—Carl Pretzel.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

Posterity.

Some people look to posterity for vindication, thinking that posterity will not have a chance to find them out.—Puck.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

The Arizona Kicker.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following:

PLEASE EXCUSE.—In explanation of the absence of our agricultural department this week, we desire to state that the literary genius who has been presiding over that department for the last six weeks is off on a drunk this week. It is the prerogative of every man in this country to get drunk. It is a privilege which can't be denied them with safety. This chap agreed not to go on a spree oftener than once a fortnight, but has been swizzled half his time. It is our third attempt to run an agricultural department, and it will be the last. The space will hereafter be occupied with recipes for baldness, remedies for bow-leggedness, and short talks on the diseases of mules and how to cure them. We can steal stuff from our exchanges and have nothing to burden our mind.

GONE HOME.—During the past week Major O'Connor, Judge Pegram and Hon. Tacony Jones, shining lights of this neighborhood and leading members of society, have been called for by Eastern detectives and returned to their several homes towards sunrise to be tried for various crimes. While we are sorry to see our population thus depleted, we know that justice must be done. The only wonder is that so few were called for. We are certain that at least 25 of our leading citizens break into a cold sweat every time a stranger strikes the town.

HE GOT.—We were deputized at a meeting held in this office last Wednesday night to wait on Turkey Bill and offer him one hour to leave the town. Turkey is a little too previous for this community in his way of handling a gun, and it was deemed best to give him a gentle hint. We found him in the Gem saloon, offered him his choice between the highway to Tucson and a hangman's rope, and he took the highway. He didn't take the hour, but started as soon

as he could get a glass of whisky and a cold rabbit sandwich.

NO REBATE.—We desire to state in the most explicit manner that no rebate will be allowed to any of our subscribers who may be obliged to leave town for the benefit of the community, or who may be hung and buried for the same reason. In several late instances friends of such subscribers have called on us and asked us to cash up for the unexpired term, but we have invariably refused. Subscriptions to the Kicker run for one year. We contract to deliver the paper for that time. If the subscriber is arrested, driven off or hung it is no fault of ours. Please bear this in mind and save yourselves trouble.

HE MISSED.—Our esteemed contemporary down the avenue didn't like the way we showed him up last week, and on Monday he borrowed a revolver from Sam Adams as long as his leg and lay in ambush for us at the corner of Apache and Cactus avenues. As we appeared, on our way to the post office, he opened fire and six shots were fired at us at a distance of no more than 10 feet. Not one of them came within a foot of us, but the shooter did manage to wound a \$200-mule belonging to Lew Baker, and to kill a \$50 dog belonging to Judge Stoker. When the shooter was through shooting we knocked him down and hammered him until he hollered. We understand that he has settled with the others for \$150, and that he thinks of leaving town. He'd better. If he ever had any standing here he's lost it now for sure. A man who holds a gun in both hands and shuts his eyes to shoot is of no account in this district. The coyotes wouldn't even bark at him.—Detroit Free Press.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Seasickness Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.



BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for felling saws sent free with each machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealers or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 808 to 811 South Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

Save Your Hair

By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

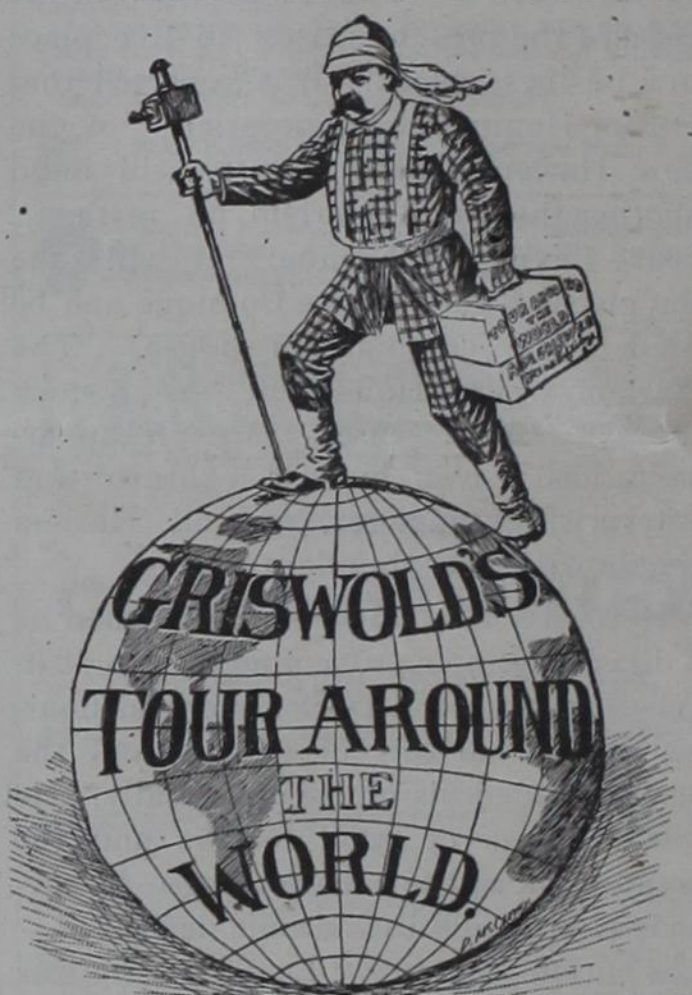
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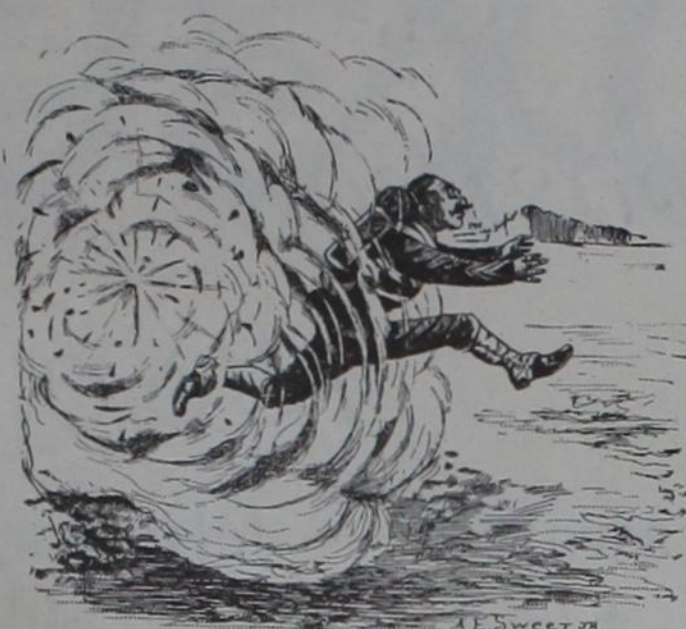
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But rather hard its use will tell
On those who'd slip away.
It's very well to have no smoke
For those who feel no fear;
But, ah! it was a handy cloak,
When getting to the rear.

There'll be no fun in war at all,
If things are fixed, no doubt,
So every leaden, whizzing ball
Will find a fellow out.
Though some upon the change will joke
The situation's thus:
When gone's the shelter of the smoke,
No soldiering for us.

—Boston Budget.

THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

The foot-ball season now has come,
The gentlest of the year,
When some kicks land on the ball and some
Behind a player's ear.

The gladsome toe of the player's shoe
Gives many a soft caress
To the nose that the scent of the wild rose knew
A month ago or less.

The blood leaps up and the teeth fall down
In joy at the glad toe's act,
While the court plaster kisses from shin to crown
The way that the glad toe tracked.

—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

A CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

I.
"What did they do in the olden time?"
Asks blue-eyed Belle, as to and fro
She rocks, while the joy bells clash and chime;
"What did they do in the long ago,
When Christmas came with its snow and rime,
In the brave old days of romance, you know,
And powder and patches and furbelows
And buckled shoes with the funny toes?"

II.
I look at the dreamy, questioning face
And the starry eyes upturned to mine,
And feel the spell of her girlish grace.
Some sweet sensation I can't define
Draws me nearer the fireplace,
Nearer the maid demure, divine,
And I thank my stars and the mistletoe
That I did not live in that long ago.

III.
"In the olden time," I at last explain,
Hovering over her rocking-chair,
"When the joys of the dance began to wane,
The gallant lords and the ladies fair
Roamed through the palace halls again,
Daintily dressed and debonaire,
And lovers sat down by the firelight's glow,
Just—just—as we are doing, you know."

IV.
"And then?" asks Belle, with downcast eyes.
"And then, Sir Hubert—(Imagine me,
If you can, appared in lordly guise)—
Knelt down as I am doing, you see,
And put his arm, as you may surmise,
Around her so—quite tenderly,
And under the mistletoe a kiss
He gave her; something like this: * *
and this!"

—E. De Lancey Pierson, in N. Y. Journal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Vernacular Art of the West.

I believe I am justified in stating that what, for the want of a more convenient name, I have called the vernacular art of the West—that which accompanies the first advances of civilization into the new lands, and lingers long after the successful establishment of all the institutions of civil order and prosperity—will not be recognized in the future history of American architecture; much less, that it will be stigmatized as a reproach. In fact, it is merely preliminary to architecture, though for the moment it pretends to be the real thing. It is evidently a hasty growth out of the immediate necessities of an enterprising people, too busy with the practical problems of life and the absorbing question of daily bread to have established ideals of art, or to have deliberately formulated in building an adequate expression of their civilization. It is an art whose essential characteristics have been derived from expediency—an art which has been mainly concerned with mechanical devices for quick and economical building. These devices have been invented by practical men to meet practical wants in a practical way. When freed from the misleading adornments imposed upon them by ignorance and pretense; from shams of wood, galvanized iron, machine-made moldings, and all the other delusive rubbish of cheap deceit, which have no connection whatever with the structure, these practical devices will develop style. Until these quips and cranks of undisciplined imaginations shall have shabbily descended into their inevitable oblivion, and have been replaced by methods of decoration developed out of the construction according to the spirit of precedents furnished by the best eras of art which remain to us for our delight and instruction, deliberate and permanent architecture will not come into existence.

Upon this simple proposition rests the hope of architecture in the West.—Henry Van Brunt, in Atlantic.

Harmony Throughout the Village.

Wife—"I believe you only married me for my money."
Husband—"Everybody else thinks the same thing."—Epoch.

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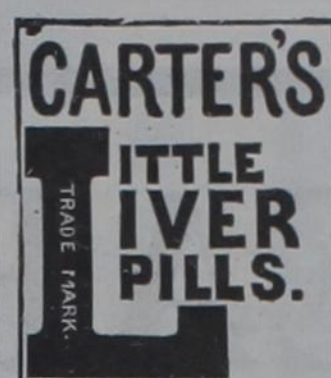
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SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. DIXON & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

A Newsboy's Version of Julius Cæsar.

"Fellers," said the learned newsboy, as he gathered a group of his comrades about him in Independence Square, "did ye ever hear about Brutus an' how he put up a job ter do Cæsar?"

"Naw," replied the fat boy.

"Well, ef yer don' min' I'll tell yer about him."

"Is dat de blokey wot was in de teayter when dey played Julius Cæsar?" asked Freckles.

"Dat's de one. Dis Brutus was a reg'lar hummer, he was. He wasn't ez much of a scrapper ez Cæsar, nor he wasn't stuck on playin' tag an' runnin' races like Marc Antony, but he was a corker fer all dat. He was a quiet sort o' blokey wot didn't say much, but kep' up a hull lot o' t'inkin', an' when he t'ought dat Cæsar wasn't doin' de square t'ing by de fellers, he jus' lays low fer a show to dump him. See? Cæsar wanted ter be boss o' de hull business, but Brutus wouldn't let him have it dat way. Brutus was dead on to his racket, an' him an' Cassius an' Casca an' Tullius an' a lot other fellers wot hung out wid Brutus put up a job to croak Julius in de Senate."

"W'y didn't dey get Julius shoved?" asked Freckles.

"Der wasn't no coppers in dem days, an' even ef der was Cæsar had de bulge on de hull business an' Brutus couldn't a had him shoved, anyhow. Brutus t'ought a lot o' Cæsar, an' Cæsar wouldn't do Brutus dirt."

"Den der was Cassius, wat wos a skinny blokey, wid a long head like dem lawyer fellows wot collars de oyster o' dispute and gives yer de shell. Cassius was dead sore on Cæsar, an' was allers tellin' Brutus dat he ought ter do him, so dat Rome would be free. Cassius didn't care for de freedom o' Rome so much ez he wanted to do Cæsar nasty; but Brutus, he was a good blokey, ef he didn't go ter church on Sunday, 'cause there wasn't none, an' didn't want to do Cæsar ez much ez he wanted ter free Rome an' his feller citizens, like George Washington did in de United States."

"Was Cæsar one o' dem English blokeys wot we licked?" asked Swipsey.

"Yer de ignorantest kid wot I ever see, Swipsey; but den yer didn't have no advant'ges. Cæsar wasn't no Englishman. Der wasn't no Englishmen den. Dey was Britons, but dey didn't amount to nothin' den."

"Go on wid de story," put in Freckles. "Don't min' Swipsey. He don't know nawthin'."

"I knows ez much ez you does, yer polky-dot faced guy," retorted Swipsey.

"Dat'll do now," interrupted the leared one. "Don't let's have no scrap-pin'. Ez I was sayin', Brutus an' Cassius an' de udder blokeys got Cæsar inter de Senate. Cæsar wasn't dead stuck on comin', ez de sacrifices to de gods didn't pan out, but when dey tol' him ef he didn't come he'd queer de business in de Senate, he come an' de conspirators got aroun' him an' Tullius yanked his night-gown off, an' Casca, wot was a tough citizen, give him one in de shoulder wid his toothpick. Den de gang dey dug holes in him, an' when Cæsar seen Brutus gettin' in his work wid de rest he weakened an' dey done him up proper."

"An' was Rome free, den?" asked the fat boy, making heroic struggles to keep awake.

"No, 'cause Brutus wasn't fly enough to play de game right when he had got de bes' trump outer de way. Antony was a pal o' Cæsar's, an' when he wanted ter chin at Cæsar's wake Brutus was chump enough ter let him. Der was not no flies on Marc. When he got de gang at de wake he guv 'em sich a corkin' speech an' sed about how Cæsar was sich

PEARS' *"Paris"* SOAP. *Exposition, 1889.*

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world. *Highest possible distinction."*

a square blokey, dat de gang was wid him an' agin Brutus. Dat busted de freedom racket, an' Octavius an' Antony an' Brutus an' Cassius had a set-to on de plains o' Phillippi an' Brutus an' Cassius got licked, an—"

A citizen calling for a paper ended the lesson abruptly. The learned one made the sale.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A CLERK'S LUCK.

He Suddenly Finds Himself Master of a Competence.

Samuel Baker, a clerk in one of the principal jewelry stores of the city, and who lives at 1,934 1-2 Bush street, is in luck. At the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company he found himself suddenly possessed of the snug sum of \$15,000, he having purchased a coupon of ticket No. 93, which drew the capital prize. As soon as his good fortune became known Mr. Baker's friends came about him to offer their congratulations. One of the number was a reporter of *The Call*, to whom Mr. Baker said:

"For years past I have been in the habit of buying four or five coupons each month. This time I bought four, among which was No. 93. This coupon has quite a history. The agent took it first to a woman who keeps a variety store on Larkin street. She refused to take it, as she said so small a number never won much of a prize. He then sold it to a man downtown, who kept it in his pocket for over two hours, when he returned it to the agent, asking for another and larger number. I guess he is kicking himself over it now. Then the agent came to me and sold me four tickets, among which was this one. I took them without paying much attention to the numbers, and I was much surprised when I saw that I had won a slice of the capital prize." "What do you intend to do with the money?" asked the reporter.

"I shall let it rest for the present," answered Mr. Baker, "until I see some good opportunity for investing it advantageously and securely. It can draw interest until I have a chance to dispose of the capital in some enterprise that will prove both safe and profitable."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call*, November 30.

Chautauqua Profaned.

It is just too dreadful for anything, but there has been a scandal—a real wicked, worldly scandal at Chautauqua. All the good people who manage the assembly have tried to hush it up, but somehow it has all come out.

A meek young man, who attended the early prayer meetings and sang do, re, mi out of the choir books, flirted with an intellectual young lady, who belonged to the normal classes and took notes on little slips of paper. By and by the young people promenaded in Palestine—which is all carefully laid out on the grounds—and somewhere between Jordan and the Dead sea they became engaged. Then they had a beautiful time studying their Sunday-school lessons every moonlight evening, and walking arm-in-arm around and about and all through Palestine, with much the same indirectness which dis-

tinguished the wanderings of the children of Israel when they were exploring the wilderness.

But one terrible day the shocking truth about the meek young man reached the Chautauquans and penetrated the soul of the intellectual young lady, who immediately stopped taking notes in the normal classes and sought her home, where her wounded spirit could ache in a seclusion far withdrawn from the Dead sea and the river Jordan. The meek young man who sang do, re, mi was married and had cultivated his voice by a protracted practice of "Mother Goose's Melodies for Infant Ears!"

It was too horrible. The good Chautauquans had had a Ouida romance right in the heart of Palestine.—*Omaha World-Herald*.

Humor in the Pulpit.

At a meeting of Baptist clergymen in New York recently, the advisability of being funny in the pulpit was discussed. This is a very delicate matter and not to be disposed of off-hand. Most of the brethren were inclined to think that a little seasoning of humor in a discourse is good, because it tends to keep the audience awake and attentive. One speaker, however, took the opposite view. He said that if a minister once permits himself to be humorous, his hearers will expect him to be so as a regular thing, and consequently little by little he will degenerate into a sort of religious mountebank. There is much force in this argument, and certainly a deliberate attempt by clergymen to be funny in their pulpits would have dreadful results. A good rule would be for the preacher never to permit himself to make a witty or a humorous remark in the course of a sermon, unless he felt himself under a strong inward compulsion to deliver the same; and even then he should be guarded in his utterance. Anything that is calculated to raise a laugh should rigorously be forborne. The clergyman who goes to that length desecrates the pulpit. He is not merely irreverent and irreligious—he is vulgar. A smile, a gentle smile, is the most that he should allow himself to excite in his hearers, and even that should be only an occasional indulgence. On Thanksgiving Day, Fast Day, and at other special times a little relaxation in the pulpit will not be taken amiss.—*Boston Post*.

Happy Old Age.

How to grow old gracefully, is a matter which has occupied many ingenious minds.

How to realize the gradations of ill health that mean a shattered constitution and premature death is a theme of equal concern.

In the first stages of constitutional breaking down there will be antagonism,

irritation and mutiny of spirit; but if there is to be even tolerable ease of mind and body, rebellion must give way to philosophy, and irritation cease altogether.

To meet the inevitable with decent composure is a fit thing for a man; and to make illness a pretext for giving others pain and discomfort is worse than childish.

All persons sooner or later must suffer physical decay and die. This being the common lot, it is absurd for any one individual to become frantic and unreasonable when his time comes.

He still owes consideration to others, and it is an obligation of breeding not to make those around him distracted by his fretfulness.

By gentleness and patience he will secure willing service, and by unreasonable temper and whimsicality he will repel this service or convert it into a burden.

Books and pleasant converse will help allay depression, and invincible pluck, which is almost a substitute for religion, will help amazingly.

As the trial has to be borne anyway, better face it with spirit. Cowardice never was good for anything.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

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